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majority of 94,000 to 21,000 for the establishment of industrial soviets in all the large cities of the country. This is strictly historical; in the Middle Ages, the north-east of Italy was the home of industrial soviets.

THE general strike in France may or may not come to more than a demonstration. It is too early to say much about it, and the sources of information are too contaminated. It may be said, however, that if an industrial crisis of a revolutionary character is possible, M. Millerand is quite the person to bring it on. In method as well as in sympathy, he is as reactionary as thirty-six policemen. His theory of repression would delight the heart of Mr. Palmer. His Government, furthermore, is carrying on a financial policy that leads straight to bankruptcy, and the burden of taxation falls almost entirely on industry and production. There are the conditions that ideally promote revolution, and our knowledge of their prevalence is ground for admitting the possibility of revolution now or shortly hereafter. A word about them has value at this juncture, in order that if a social upheaval does take place in France, we may be forewarned against the inevitable cheap and feeble patter about Bolshevik agitation and Red propaganda. Only one agitator ever really precipitated a revolution—injustice. It is idle to talk or think about any other.

THE Polish army has suddenly made an incursion against the Soviet Government into the Ukraine. Let us see. Is there any connexion between this interesting fact and the story which comes to this country from England via the *London Nation*, that the United States Congress has "authorized the Polish Government to 'purchase' American army stores, apparently to an unlimited amount, on six years' credit, and already free transport has been provided to carry locomotives, trucks, uniforms and food to Danzig"? This is a nice, encouraging bit of information, and one is not surprised that our purveyors of news made so little of it. This country, "selling" war material to the most notorious pistol-toter of Europe, is in a charming position before the world. Truly, as Artemus Ward said of the Western bankers, the Congress of the United States "air a sweet and luvly set of men. I'd like to own as good a house as some of 'em would break into."

THE Supreme Court has demolished the Reading Company, by the usual four-to-three decision in such cases made and provided. The Reading Company, which is the foundation of the anthracite-coal monopoly, is a bad trust, so declared by the majority of one which recently declared the United States Steel Corporation to be a good trust. There is something about this way of disposing of such matters that takes one back to Rabelais. Mr. Justice Holmes is one whose rich heritage of humour has held out against the inroads of his depressing occupation. One wonders whether after participating in a decision of this kind he does not sometimes go home to his fireside and chuckle over the story of the good old Judge Bridlegoose and his fashion of "disposing of suits at law by the trial and hazard of the dice." The main trouble about these momentous decisions of the Supreme Court is that their beneficent influence, whatever it is, sort of peters out before reaching the ultimate consumer. In this matter of anthracite, for instance, what we most want is first, a reasonable price, and second, a product that has at least enough coal in it to keep the slate warm. There is nothing against hoping that the decision will

CURRENT COMMENT.

So at San Remo the Allied Powers, swearing they would ne'er consent to trade with Soviet Russia, consented! A good many persons somehow thought that they would. Poor little Brother Nitti had to bell the cat. He was put up to declare the policy of restoring trade and thereby showing the world what a frightful botch Lenin has made of things; and his diplomatic colleagues all finally 'lowed as how it was the only thing to be done in the premises. Washington does not seem to be in on this. Our State Department and our Palmers, Lusks, and Overmans have raised such a commotion about the horrors of Bolshevism and done such a huge deal of deporting and imprisoning, that now we can't, we simply can't in any kind of decency, go back on all our work and suddenly start competing for the trade of these bloody-minded outcasts. Washington can eat crow as well as anybody, but it can not eat a whole flock without retching—it is unreasonable to expect it. One can safely lay a small wager that our relations with Russia will go over as a legacy to the next Administration; and that the next Administration, when the Republicans are posing as the party of liberalism, will make a grandstand play with it that will be worth going miles to see.

THE announcement that a general strike has been called in Pisa suggests that sooner or later something may happen to the leaning tower of industry in Italy as elsewhere. Premier Nitti would rebel manfully against such an interpretation of the news from his country. Perhaps he would say that the news itself is false. But as long as the cables continue to supply the material, we cannot refrain from using it, let the exchange on lire fall where it may. A strike of 700,000 industrial workers in a country the size of Italy is no small affair; the extensive co-operation of agricultural labourers, and the sabotage of State employees may make the matter really serious. If the Government attempts a general mobilization, the industrial and agricultural workers can perhaps meet even this outcome by means short of violence. The postal and telegraphic employees have already given the hint; in many places "they have not actually quit work—they simply do not do any." That the movement as a whole has an objective beyond the field of hours and wages may be inferred from the fact that the Socialist National Council, in session at Milan, has voted by a

give us these—nothing but experience, that is—and hence the public can probably afford to offer the Supreme Court a vote of thanks by about the same proportion of four to three.

WHAT has become of those indictments in the case of the striking railwaymen? By the way, too, what became of all Mr. Palmer's stock of injunctions? The Government's headliners are giving a mighty poor show these days. Then again, what about that impeachment of Mr. Louis F. Post, the Assistant Secretary of Labour? Excuse these tears!—but everybody was so keen to see Mr. Post get up before the footlights and hear him tell what he knows about the Department of State and the Department of Justice, that it is a bitter disappointment to find that the show is indefinitely postponed. What a pity! Mr. Post would have provided entertainment enough for a three-ringed circus if only professional considerations had not stood in the way of his debut. Well, the outcome was not wholly unexpected and was probably inevitable, but that is poor consolation to the large audience as it wends its homeward way, thinking upon what might have been.

MR. PALMER's press-agents report that the Communists and bomb-plotters had circulated tons and tons of inflammatory literature within the past month. Publishers would just give anything to know how they did it. These rapsallions must have a deuced whaling lot of influence with Mr. Bursleson if they got all those tons of literature through the mails, because the ordinary respectable citizen can not even get his laundry routed successfully via the parcel post one time out of seven, and respectable papers like the *Freeman* reach their subscribers with perhaps one issue out of three, on an average. The bomb-plotters must stand in pretty well with the railways to get past the freight embargoes, or have given some kind of substantial hostages to the express companies to insure delivery. This paper tried to send a modest parcel of five hundred copies to Washington by express, week before last, but had no success. Palmer's Pets are able and enterprising people, and can command ducal wages as circulation-managers when they get out of jail.

FEDERAL JUDGE ANDERSON of Boston knows a hawk from a handsaw when the wind is in the right direction, quite as well as any of us; and he has not of late been backward in declaring himself upon the Government's notorious use of the *agent provocateur*. During the examination of some Communists recently, he remarked:

This spotters' evidence and pseudo membership of persons make it perfectly easy to argue that persons in the employ of the Government might have issued literature intended to bring into condemnation people connected with the party. I don't know anything about it, but the evidence here is clear that the Government owns and operates some part of the Communist party. That means something to anyone who has had experience with spies in private industry.

If the American people think that this activity of their Government is something to be proud of, they are quite entitled to their opinion.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER gave a lesson in the elements of economics in words of one syllable to an audience in Davenport, Iowa, the other day. He said, according to the dispatches, that the unrest of to-day is largely due to the use of terms which in many instances are not clearly proved. This is news. What unrest there is in the circles in which Dr. Butler habitually moves, may be due to this cause; but among miners, railwaymen, and the public at large, it is due to something far more substantial. He complained of the "complete failure to grasp the significance of capital and labour as human factors," and amplified this by saying that "three groups contribute to success of business in America—those who work with their hands, those who work with their savings, and those who work with their heads. Each is essential and all are interdependent." Be it so; but Dr. Butler said nothing

about the passive factor in production, the factor upon which the active factors of labour and capital work, namely, natural resources. As long as natural resources are monopolized, how can labour and capital, defined in terms as human as ever Dr. Butler pleases, maintain their harmonious interdependence? As an administrator, Dr. Butler's career has been attended with success of a certain order, sufficient to make him conspicuous; but as an economist, he is apparently a mere loose talker.

A LOUD cry arises from our principal industry, about the shortage of labour on the farms. It is said that the war has seriously disturbed the minds of the young men that were drawn from the plough and the reaper to do service with the bayonet and the hand-grenade. Now that these men are demobilized from the army of war, they are reluctant to join the army of agriculturists. High wages and shorter hours in the great manufacturing districts seem to be far more attractive than life in the open air. The bulletin dated 20 March, 1920, issued by the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture, acting in conjunction with the New Hampshire College of Agriculture, reveals a state of affairs in New Hampshire and New York which is certainly discouraging. Forty-eight farms report that they expect to be able to maintain their normal production of crops, livestock, and livestock-products during the coming season. In every case but two, this is stated to be providing they are able to retain their present help. Two hundred and sixty-six farms report that they must curtail production of their staple products during the coming season, due to the lack of help. The average of these statements is that crop production will be decreased forty-one per cent below the normal for these farms; and that production of livestock and livestock-products will be decreased thirty-seven per cent below the normal for these farms.

AGRICULTURE is not, however, the only industry which is suffering in this way; the iron and steel industries and the building trades are also feeling the pinch. The war has hit the labour-market in many different ways. The unsettled condition of thousands of men who were rigorously disciplined for several months in the army, and who are now mentally and spiritually disturbed, unable to stay long in any particular industrial groove, must be reckoned with in this connexion. Then there are the problems of immigration and emigration. One need but look at the figures of the net gain in the population through immigration for the past ten years to see what an important factor this is in the whole problem:

1910.....	839,134
1911.....	582,921
1912.....	504,910
1913.....	889,702
1914.....	915,142
1915.....	122,626
1916.....	169,061
1917.....	229,126
1918.....	16,933
1919.....	17,610

THIS problem of immigration is big enough in all conscience but it is small in comparison with that of emigration. From the steamship-offices we learn that the tide of emigration would be enormously strong if it were not for the stringent passport-regulations that have been imposed upon the consuls of several European countries. That exceedingly interesting magazine the *Americas*, published by the National City Bank of New York, furnishes some extraordinary data on this question. It says:

While it is safe to say that the United States is now short 2,500,000 workers because of the falling off in immigration, other factors make the shortage much worse than would appear from a mere perusal of immigration statistics. Nearly 10,000,000 men have had their hours of labour reduced 20 per cent, from ten to eight hours per day, equivalent to a loss of 2,000,000 men. The services of 5,000,000 others are estimated to be engaged in businesses which either did not exist ten years ago or were then in their infancy, such as the automobile and truck industry and the

factory workers, chauffeurs, garage workers, etc., who are employed by it.

The movement of labour during this year will be well worth watching.

THE publicity-man for the One Big Union has been busy again, and this time he has elicited a condemnatory statement from Judge Gary, of Gary. Of course everybody has known all along that the Judge was against unions and that sort of thing. And, such being the state of general knowledge, one would say that the Judge made a strategic blunder when he selected the O. B. U. as a subject for discussion at the meeting of the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation. He could not conceivably have found among his auditors anyone who did not already share his own point of view, and his specific condemnation is a serviceable bit of advertising for the latest thing in labour-movements. That the Judge himself is not altogether sure of a good year's business or of a calm old age, may be inferred from his statement that "if no unexpected or dangerous upheaval occurs . . . prospects are bright." With reference to the immediate past, Judge Gary said that the Steel Corporation had met all the demands of the Government for war-materials because it was the loyal thing to do, and because the life of the Corporation depended upon the life of the Government. At this point one stops to wonder whether also the life of government as we have it, does not depend upon the life of such corporations as Judge Gary's, which was most notoriously founded and maintained upon privilege. But such meditations are interrupted by a loud burst of applause following the suggestion by one of the stockholders that the Judge be nominated for the Presidency of the United States. Why trouble to do that? He is already Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation.

Is there not a considerable disparity between the professions of the United States Chamber of Commerce and its practice as evidenced by its howling down Mr. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labour, in the midst of what appeared to be his very temperate and reasonable discussion of the Kansas anti-strike law? This is the body that is in such deadly earnest about Americanization; it has the most ambitious plans for Americanizing everything and everybody clear down to skin and bone. If the behaviour of the Chamber at Atlantic City towards Mr. Woll is a fair sample of what may be expected from hundred per cent Americanism as cultivated under the auspices of the Chamber, most decent people would civilly beg to be excused. Fortunately, nearly everybody knows the Chamber and its pretensions pretty well by this time, and can in consequence appraise its superheated interest in Americanization quite accurately. The kind of Americanism that can on occasion butcher a guest to make a hoodlum holiday is not interesting. It may be a great privilege to be an American, but if one must cultivate the manners of the United States Chamber of Commerce in order to possess it, the price is exorbitant and prohibitive.

WHEN Mr. Gompers wishes to address his faithful followers (seemingly a diminishing band, by the way) on the subject of American labour's political purposes, this is how he does it—*vide* his recent letter to the forty thousand local unions of the A. F. of L.:

The claims of Labour are as old as the human race. Denied by tyrants, attacked by sword and cannon, crushed by misery and desolation, they now rise in the majesty of power born of the unity and solidarity of four-and-a-half million workers of our Federation who have had the courage to proclaim their rights and to demand justice from the society Labour has long and faithfully served.

This is 'Ercles vein, as bully Bottom says, and in his handling of it Mr. Gompers shows himself worthy of the immortal weaver at his best. But in the days of the hungry 'Twenties what will the four and a half million workers think of this Gomerian passion?

PERHAPS the rank and file of American labour will find more solid satisfaction in contemplating the programme recently put forward by the Labour party—now the Government—of New South Wales. Here are some of its proposals, though it must be confessed they lack the sound and fury of Mr. Gompers' ample periods:

Labour proposes to top-off waste and extravagance in every possible direction. A start will be made by abolishing the useless paraphernalia of the State Governor and the nominee Legislative Council. . . . The hydro-electric potentialities of the State will be utilized. Water will be conserved at sites approved by government engineers. The Labour 'silo' programme will be completed and hopper-wagons provided for farmers. Immediate steps will be taken to nationalize monopolies, the arteries of trade and commerce, such as the coastal steamship and ferry services, banking and insurance and public light and power services.

It is reported that Mr. Gompers' Federation is planning to organize hundreds of "Four Minute Speakers" to campaign for the Federation's non-partisan programme. But how will these men occupy all the time at their disposal if they have only Mr. Gompers' views to expound?

IN the House of Commons last week, Mr. R. McNeill said that the American people might better show its devotion to the principle of self-determination by liberating the Filipinos than by meddling with Ireland. There is sound sense and solid truth in this; Mr. McNeill is precisely right. He then went on to move a resolution favouring independence of the Philippine Islands, presenting it "as a mark of respect for the American Senate." The resolution was promptly killed, which was a misfortune; there are no Filipino votes in England. It is probably unnecessary to explain to Mr. McNeill that the United States Senate has no more interest in self-determination than his own Government or any other political government on earth. Like all similar bodies, it moves in that direction only when it has to; that is the explanation of the Senate's recognition of the Irish Republic. Radicals are pleased by these compulsory adoptions of a sound principle because they really believe in the principle, and by no means because they suspect any parliamentary body of believing in it, or because they are under any illusions about the motive which impels any such body to espouse it in any special circumstances.

THE Committee of Forty-eight will hold a national convention in Chicago beginning 10 July, to form "a new national party representing the needs and hopes of average American men and women," which will support "a constructive programme of economic, social and political progress" as against "both the reactionary old parties." The attitude of this paper towards a third-party movement and towards practical politics in general, is well known to its readers, and it fully expects that attitude to be justified by the outcome in this instance. But it hopes that it may be proved wholly wrong, and cordially wishes the Committee the best of luck on its way. This paper's primary interest is in strengthening and enlarging the power of economic organization, and it can not follow political action with much faith or reverence—quite possibly, with not enough. But what it lacks in respect for political action it tries to make up in respect for integrity and disinterestedness in the public service; and this the Committee of Forty-eight may have "without stint or limit," if it will accept it.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE OLD GUARD'S CHOICE.

IN order to earn its living, a "serious weekly" has to be more or less on what Sam Weller called the advice-gratis order, and hence this paper feels moved to address a few words of counsel to the Republican campaign-manager and his associates. The candidates have been pretty well along on the round of the primaries—the kites, in other words, have all been sent up—and the Republican managers have made presumably competent observations of the direction and velocity of the wind. Barring some unthinkable disaster, the Republican party, with whatever candidates and on whatever platform, apparently has the election in its pocket. With Mutt and Jeff as its standard-bearers and a platform advocating a war-bonus to every innocent victim of the kind of shell-shock that comes from listening overmuch to campaign-oratory, the party would probably win as handily and by as large a majority, as under any other auspices. So Mr. Hays and his friends are quite free to consider disinterestedly whether in the matter of candidates and a platform, they will choose to serve the interests of the country or the interests of the party.

If the former, they will head their ticket with a first-rate reactionary militarist and fix up a platform to correspond; a platform having for its main planks a high and rather indiscriminating protective tariff, blanketing about everything that a deliberate and well-advised Congressional committee can think of, and a well-developed doctrine of dollar-diplomacy whereby the flag should follow the investor and follow him very closely. This country has had next to no political education, no training in the relation of economics to politics. It has never had any experience worth mentioning to put it on the way to such knowledge. As nations, like individuals, seldom learn anything from the experience of other nations—the United States, indeed, being particularly indifferent to this cheap and easy mode of self-instruction—they must depend upon their own experience for whatever education they get; and we have had next to none. We have had no Hungry 'Forties, no three-hundred-year Peasants' War, no Peterloo, no Runnymede. It is rather too much to assume that the Providence which, according to the proverb, protects certain forms of helplessness, will keep on forever looking after us if we get no education of our own. Furthermore, it is highly desirable, considering the disturbed state of the world, that our education should proceed as rapidly and intensively as possible. The Republican party will regard this necessity if it has the good of the country at heart. If Mr. Hays and his confrères will pick out a militarist, a "strong man qualified to give a strong Administration," and mount him on a platform of high protection and thoroughgoing economic imperialism, he will do the most for his country. With such an Administration pledged to such principles, and bread at fifty cents a loaf, our education will get on admirably.

But this is a counsel of perfection for Mr. Hays, and no doubt he will not accept it. Good as it would be for the country, it would be bad for his party; and after all, it is his party's interest rather than his country's with which he is officially entrusted. The country would get so much education in the course

of four years that it would doubtless drive the party on the rocks. Probably Mr. Hays would prefer, as anyone in his place would prefer, to take advantage of the country's ignorance, rather than enlighten it. This is approved political method, and nothing can be said against it. The Republican party, no more than any other political party, can afford the luxury of an educated electorate. For the success of the party—not in the election, for that seems assured, but in the years to follow—Mr. Hays's best hope is in a crooked liberal, mounted on a platform of conventional liberal doctrine. The Republican party ought not to be above learning from the past eight years of the Democrats. It could make a much greater success at the game the Democrats played in 1912 and 1916, and make it bear fruit much longer, because it is manned by much abler and more experienced and less provincial minds; minds which can be trusted not to make so crude and provocative a display of their insincerity in the profession of liberal principles. The country is quite ready to see the Republican party come out as the champion of all the constitutional rights which the Democrats have so roughly shouldered out of the way, and would almost certainly attach the same significance to such a profession of faith that it attached to the utterances, for example, of Mr. Wilson. There is a good deal of pathos about this, but probably not enough to unman Mr. Hays in the discharge of his duty. Then with judicious concessions here and there and a little, a very little management and tact, the Republican party ought to hold its advantage for a number of moderately fat years.

The present Administration has disclosed to any wide-awake party-management the almost limitless possibilities that lie before a crooked liberal with a platform of routine liberalism. It is unlikely that Mr. Hays has not seen these possibilities and that his party will not avail itself of them with the greatest promptness. The primaries themselves point to them with an insistent finger. A hundred to one that the Republicans come out as the party of constitutional liberty and progress, under the leadership of some one who has mastered the mellifluous indefiniteness of liberal lingo and can handle it as effectively as Mr. Wilson himself used to do in the good old days of Democratic ascendancy. This paper's advice to Mr. Hays is in behalf of the country. The country's political education imperatively requires in the Presidency at this juncture a purblind and ignorant thug, into whose head one need but blow a couple of warlike or patriotic notes for it to flourish away all by itself through the whole gamut of economic imperialism. But the country's needs are not those of the Republican party; and in that alternative one need be no great things of a prophet to predict that the needs of the party will be served, and that the party accordingly will bid for the suffrage of the country with the bait of a crooked liberal and the plausible and vacuous claptrap of liberalism.

LABOUR'S EXAMPLE TO CAPITAL.

IN 1916, when the railwaymen demanded an eight-hour day, the country had an impressive exhibit of the real value of politics and political action. When the heads of the Brotherhoods stood over the Congress and the Administration with the bull-whip and briefly said "Sign here, please," it did not make a straw's difference what the political complexion of the Congress was, or its principles, obligations, affiliations,

platforms, programmes or promises. Congress passed the bill and the President signed it in short order, because they knew that if they failed to do so, or if they delayed and paltered about it, not a wheel would turn on any railway in the country.

Persons who wish to justify their faith in parliamentary institutions are fond of saying that economic action must finally express itself through politics; which seems no more than to say that it has hitherto done so. But one need not argue this, because the real question is one of method. Suppose economic action must finally express itself through politics, what is the best and surest way to get this done? The politically-minded person thinks that the best way is through political organization. His plan is to take his programme before the country, make campaigns upon it, build a party around it, hold conventions to ratify it, and if possible, elect representatives pledged to it. This is the method of the Socialists, of the Non-partisan League and the new Labour party, and it now appears from the newspapers that the Committee of Forty-eight is about to adopt the same method. The other method is that of the Brotherhoods, the method which says in effect, We do not care a button for your politics or parties, but you will pass this legislation which we demand, or nothing goes.

The first method has several practical difficulties. It involves so much compromise and adjustment in getting started that by the time it is under way, its original energy is pretty well impaired, and it comes in the end to very little. England has been experimenting with that method for years. Labour has had large representation in Parliament and in the Government. Every palliative and compromise that ingenuity could devise has been adopted. But now, in the end, labour sees that it has gained really nothing and it is going in for the second method. There need be no mistake about this. A similar development, too, is taking place in France and Italy; and in spite of Mr. Gompers' optimism, we are likely to see a similar development in the rank and file of American labour before the summer is over. It is quite noticeable and very significant that no one worries greatly over political organization but that everyone worries greatly over economic organization. It is not likely that Mr. Hays is losing much sleep over the prospect of a third party, for instance; but the prospect of a protracted strike of coal-miners or railwaymen would get the most respectful attention of all politicians, officeholders and campaign-managers; it would get it immediately and get it in full. Even the newspapers instinctively reflect the relative importance of political and economic organization. When the railwaymen's strike was on, there was precious little campaign-news on the front page; and it is quite conceivable that at fair intervals all summer, politics may be driven back into a kind of Robin Hood existence underground in the inside pages, set next to pure advertising matter.

The strike is usually thought of as a weapon peculiar to labour, but there seems no clear reason why it should not serve capital quite as well. For example, the total industrial values of the United States are estimated at 130 billion dollars. The total value of one form of privilege alone—the private ownership of economic rent—is about the same amount. The amount of Federal taxation that this 130 billion dollars' worth of privilege bears is approximately only 600 million dollars; while the amount of

Federal taxation borne by the 130 billion dollars' worth of industry comes to four billion dollars. From the standpoint of capital, capital invested in industry, this is a criminal outrage; and capital is under the obligation that injustice always imposes, precisely the same obligation that is imposed upon labour, to defend itself against it. By far the largest part of American industry is wholly unprivileged, or so nearly unprivileged that privilege adds all but nothing to its revenue and is out of its practical consideration. The industries, for example that make New York the greatest manufacturing city in the world—feathers, cigars, printing, hats, furs, clothing, cloaks and suits—are unprivileged. Potash and Perlmutter are unprivileged. Why, then, should capital invested in such industry submit to this monstrous and crippling exaction of four billion dollars upon its legitimate thrift and enterprise, while privilege—and only one form of privilege at that—in value equal to itself, gets off with a paltry 600 million?

If capital is going to depend on political action for relief, it is leaning on the same broken reed that labour—notably English labour—has leaned on so long. The State is not interested in capital any more than it is in labour. Capital can not learn this too soon or take it to heart too deeply. The only reason why the State has thrown more safeguards around capital-income than it has put around labour-income is on account of the fortuitous and occasional association of capital with privilege, to which this paper has already adverted. The State is interested only in privilege; and the only way to get the State to make any concessions to capital is by such means as labour employs in the premises. Unprivileged capital ought not to be behind labour in the use of it; it ought not to be behind labour in perceiving and resenting the discriminations practised against it by the State. There is a bill now before the Ways and Means Committee, by which taxation would be readjusted so that about one billion dollars burden would be taken from industry and added to privilege. It is not a good bill; the only kind of measure that would be approved by this paper would be one that confiscated one hundred cents out of every dollar of privilege in the United States. But as far as it goes, the bill is good; and the chances are that it will not get very far. More than seven thousand industrial and merchandising firms representing over a billion and a quarter of capital, have endorsed this bill; but endorsing a bill is about as futile as electing a Congressman or organizing a third party. The thing is to educate and organize agriculture, manufacturing and merchandising—unprivileged capital in general—to the point of saying to the State, "We have put up with this as long as we can; enact this measure or we shall close down every industry in the country."

This is a day of unauthorized and outlaw movements, and capital might most profitably take example from labour to start something on its own. Capital has been led by the nose and duped by privilege as fatuously as labour has been duped by its own leaders. Capital has been done in as neatly by privileged interests and the propaganda of Chambers of Commerce and similar bodies, as labour has been by propaganda of a more obvious and vulgar type. Labour, at last, is "on," as the slang goes, and is acting accordingly; but capital, apparently, is not yet on. As a daily contemporary says, its dominant feeling is

one of dazed discouragement. This paper wants to see productive industry revive, and to that end, it wants to see capital free as well as labour—free from the throttling grasp of privilege. The attempt to get its rights through political action is worse than a waste of time. Capital, like labour, should apply the time-honoured English principle of "grievance before supply." Let us have all the Woods and Hoovers and McAdoos and Johnsons keep on being elected to all the offices as long as there is a rat-hole left untenanted in Washington, and let them call themselves Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, Forty-eighters, or what they will. Merely organize the salutary practice inaugurated in this country when the Adamson law was passed—the practice now being carried on so successfully by English labour—of dropping in on them occasionally and reminding them that if they do not walk the line chalked for them, and walk it with care and diligence, industry in the United States will come to a sudden stop. Labour abroad has learned that organization towards this end has much more value than organization for political action; and labour here is rapidly getting more than an inkling of the same truth. When capital in turn discovers this truth, things will begin to look up.

THE PROPRIETIES OF PANDERING.

To a man dropped down among us from Mars or the moon, it would probably seem remarkable that statesmen are by common consent exempt from certain important moral sanctions that are quite strictly held to govern other persons. In other relations, men are expected to be fairly honest and above-board; otherwise we blame them and fight shy of them and have them under suspicion. But statesmen, like diplomats, are apparently expected to be dishonest and untruthful on occasion, and no one thinks the worse of them. Those who are interested in promoting a single standard of morals might consider this anomaly; possibly it would interest our old friend William Jennings Bryan, who is said to be quite keen on a single standard of morals, and also very advantageously has a foot in both worlds—the human world of ordinary amenities and decencies, and the world of practical politics. However one chooses to account for it, the fact itself is striking; and the more one studies it, the more fascinated one becomes.

Really, it is extremely odd. If in large commercial transactions, some important man habitually gained points by lying and tergiversation, he would shortly be distrusted and get the reputation of being no better than a knave. Yet when politicians, office-holders, office-seekers, diplomats and governmental propagandists pursue a course of untruth, indirection, misrepresentation and even outright forgery, and every one who has the sense he was born with knows that they are pursuing such a course, no one is surprised or particularly offended, and no one dreams of calling them to account. Forgery is a serious matter in the world of affairs, and one would think twice about undertaking it; yet no one in Germany blamed Bismarck for doctoring the Ems telegram, no one blames a Foreign Office for tinkering diplomatic documents before they are published in a White Book or Green Book or a book of whatever colour. Who ever thought the less of Mr. Lansing or Mr. George Creel for authorizing the Sisson letters? A member of a cabinet may stand up to

the inconvenient questions of a parliamentary body or an investigating-committee and lie as fast as ever a dog can trot, and every one may know to an absolute certainty that he is doing that very thing; yet neither his official nor his social standing is interfered with or impaired. And as for candidates and their campaign-promises—but at this time especially, one should draw the veil of merciful silence over those!

Yes, the curious thing about this time-honoured procedure is the public's tacit acceptance of it as normal and regular, in spite of most assured knowledge. When poor Mr. Palmer, the other day, gave out his hardy perennial about a gigantic bomb-plot scheduled against office-holders by Reds for May Day, probably not one in five hundred of the newspaper-reading public took it seriously or believed that there was as much as one poor halfpenny-worth of truth to his intolerable deal of buncombe. As far as New York City was concerned, probably there was not an imbecile in Bloomingdale or a dead man in Woodlawn Cemetery but knew full well that the Attorney-General had knaved up a peculiarly preposterous and contemptible falsehood for the occasion, and knew also why he had done so. Some newspapers had to go through the old weary motions of assent, while others poked mild fun at his bugbear; but nowhere appeared any substantial demand upon Mr. Palmer to prove his story, or to put himself in a more respectable appearance than that of a mere chartered libertine of journalism. Would a rational public follow that course with similar divagations from a man of science, for example, or a prominent industrialist? Assuredly no. Our Keeleys and our Dr. Cooks do not get off so easily; they have to toe the mark and show chapter and verse, and when they are exploded, they are discredited for good and all, and people do not take their word for anything again under any circumstances.

Abraham Lincoln said that it is owing to the exigencies of his trade that "the politician is a long step removed from common honesty"; and there, probably, is the key to this curious problem. As Brand Whitlock showed so well in his admirable autobiography, written before he went into the diplomatic service, the public has a sound and ineradicable instinct for regarding politics as essentially dishonest. This instinct operates equally in the few who use politics for profit and in the great majority who regard it as a kind of diversion or entertainment whose moral irregularities have been sanctioned by immemorial custom. Thus it is, probably, that statesmen have been placed by common consent in this curious position of a class whose morals are privileged and special—like actors in Shakespeare's day and even later. Politics is instinctively felt to be a pandering business; the great election at Eatonsville presented no feature of eye-service and men-pleasing that is not thoroughly familiar to us all. Truth and "common honesty" are as inconvenient, and are instinctively felt to be as inconvenient, in politics as in any other form of pandering; and therefore those who engage in politics are beforehand tacitly absolved from concern with them. When Mr. Palmer, for instance, spread his monstrous fabrication over the front pages last Friday, he pleased hundreds of thousands of people—pleased them down to their very toes—and pleased them with his fantasy as no truth could possibly please them. It would be invidious to name whole classes in our citizenry who were pleased beyond measure by Mr.

Palmer's little effort—they will occur to anyone on a moment's reflection—and the full consciousness that it was done out of whole cloth for the sake of pleasing them, did not in the least interfere with their pleasure. This is pandering, and pandering is of the essence of politics. While it so remains, politics will and inevitably must attract the type of person who has a natural relish and handiness for pandering; and as long as the public continues to enjoy the entertainment which politics undoubtedly provides, and is willing to pay the price of such entertainment, the performers will in all probability continue under the curious moral licence that is now accorded them.

FOOD SUPPLY AND CO-OPERATION.

THE co-operation of the farmers of Denmark is one of the most constructive economic movements which Europe witnessed in the past generation; and it shows excellently what can be done in increasing the volume of food-supply when the principles of voluntary co-operation are put into practice. In a period of twenty years before the war began, Danish exports of butter increased 400 per cent, bacon 900 per cent, eggs 700 per cent, meat 1800 per cent, and so on. During this period her area of cultivated land steadily increased and the number of farms multiplied quickly. Most of the farms are cultivated by proprietors; there are few tenants. Co-operation has given these agriculturists a highly developed dairy-farming system in which the best machinery is used and the most scientific methods of production and manufacture are practised. When it is remembered that the land-surface of Denmark is almost everywhere formed by the so-called boulder clay, and that the greater part of the area requires an enormous amount of fertilization, it is nothing short of astonishing that agriculture should be her main source of wealth, and that two-fifths of the entire population, which amounts to about 2,500,000, should be engaged on the land.

It is not strange that we know little of Denmark's experience with co-operation; but it is strange that we know about as little of the co-operative movement which began in Minnesota in 1908 and has had already an extraordinary effect upon agriculture in the north-western States. Already this movement has spread into many other areas. It is estimated that there are in Minnesota 4000 co-operative societies of one kind and another; in Wisconsin, 3000; and in Montana, 1000. In an article appearing in a recent number of a publication issued by the Northwestern Bank of Minneapolis, we are given the following statistics of the progress of co-operation in some of these States:

Referring only to the strictly business organizations in Minnesota, there were 614 co-operative creameries in 1914 when the last comprehensive report was made, which was not far from double the number in any other State, and nearly one-third the total number in the United States. Co-operative creameries constituted seventy-two per cent of all the creameries in Minnesota, and it was found that forty-two per cent of all the farmers of the State were patrons of these creameries. Furthermore it was found that one farmer out of every five in the State was a member of a farmers' elevator company. The formation of live stock shipping associations was the most important development in co-operative marketing in 1914, and in this development Minnesota also was by far the leading State in the Union. This movement began with us in 1908 and, especially since 1911, has spread rapidly. In 1914, twelve per cent of the value of all live stock marketed in this State was sold by these get-together selling associations. There is every reason to believe that this percentage has been much increased during the past five years, since the shipping associations,

which numbered 115 in 1914, have now grown to approximately 450.

The increase in the number of these mutual business organizations in Minnesota is shown in the following table, some of the figures being estimated, but considered nevertheless to be quite accurate, erring, if at all, on the conservative side:

	1914	1919
Creameries	614	622
Elevators	270	296
Stock shipping associations	115	450
Stores	120	102
Fire insurance companies	154	161
Telephone companies	600	950
Cheese factories	34	36
Potato warehouses	20	40
Miscellaneous	86	200
Total	2013	2857

The number of miscellaneous associations is remarkable, and shows that farmers are branching out rapidly in the less cultivated fields of co-operative business. It will be noticed that the only decrease to be discerned in this list occurs in the number of co-operative stores. The reason that the business of the purchase and sale of miscellaneous supplies by farmers does not always thrive is doubtless because of the lack of skilled administration. Merchandising is a specialized business requiring training and adaptability to be successful, just as these essentials are required in banking or farming.

Many farmers' marketing associations, however, secure wholesale supplies along a few broad lines for distribution to members of the organizations, and this without doubt often to the detriment of the business of local dealers. In a recent address made by the managing director of the Agricultural Publishers' Association at a meeting of the National Implement and Vehicle Association, it was stated that in Iowa there were something like 400 co-operative elevator companies, a goodly number of which were handling merchandise in considerable quantities. 'They are business organizations,' says Mr. Frank B. White, 'and whether we like it or not, they are with us and cannot be brushed aside easily. We must recognize them as a factor in Iowa business.' Of these Iowa elevator companies, 362, according to the figures presented by Mr. White, are distributors of coal; 291 are dealers in feed; 234 in twine; 209, salt; 206, seeds; 205, posts; many of them handle gates, wire, flour, cement, lumber, brick, and so forth, to a few dealing in automobile accessories, sacks, cupolas, clothing. 'The farmer and business man must like each other,' the speaker asserted in a plea for better co-operation and understanding, 'and unless they do like each other they will not do business together pleasantly or profitably, much less work together for the benefit of the whole community.'

The information that is given in the foregoing article deserves a wide circulation. It is all to the good to know that the banks are collecting data of this kind and placing it before their customers. In the bulletin of the National City Bank of New York there is an article on co-operation in which it is said:

The less of mystery, ignorance and misrepresentation there is in the business world the better. If the farmers and labour-organizations wish to join in any business operations for mutual benefit the way is open for them to do so, and if they can serve themselves and the community more economically than is being done under existing methods they will have made a demonstration of great public value. If they believe that they are being exploited this is the logical thing to do. Society is always seeking the most economical methods for satisfying its wants, and every new achievement is to be welcomed.

This is sound advice. But it must be pointed out that the co-operation in agriculture in this country can never succeed as it has done in Denmark until our farmers have the same economic advantage that the Danes obtained for themselves when they adopted freedom of trade and afterwards elected to their national assembly men who were pledged to abolish legal restrictions on production. Shortly before the war a legislative revolution took place in Denmark when the farmers elected representatives whose aim was to levy

all taxation on the capital value of land. The war, however, interrupted this programme; and now we hear of another revolution in Denmark. Whether it be an agitation to enforce the demands that were made by the agriculturists before the war, is not yet known; the dispatches chiefly refer to a movement which has been fomenting in the towns. Still, whatever be the economic or political nature of the last revolution, there is no doubt that Denmark will soon solve her problems, both of the town and the country, by following the road to full voluntary co-operation in all industry. Her example, as far as she went before the war, is worthy of study by the co-operators of our Northwest. They are well on their way with the practical mechanics of freedom of trade, and they will no doubt be as quick as the Danish farmers to see the need for freedom of production and to devise the means for getting it, namely, to exempt all labour-products from taxation and levy only upon the capital value of land.

A SHORT-CUT TO THE PSYCHIC.

LOWLY devices, rather than highborn ones, seem to enjoy the preference in serving the supernatural. Spiritualism, in common with democracy, casts a halo over humble origins. It is no more a handicap for the ouija board to have risen from the obscurity of a toy-store than for a statesman to have risen from the obscurity of a farm. And nothing in the log-cabin-to-the-White-House tradition is more notable than the present pine-log-to-the-other-world attainment of ouija.

It would be more in keeping with the current vogue to be able to announce that the ouija board came into being in antiquity, wrought strange miracles in the Dark Ages, and reached the zenith of its mysterious career in the twentieth century. Instead of that, we face the cold and unromantic fact that two brothers recently went to law in Baltimore to determine which is the rightful inventor of the instrument, and therefore entitled to reap a financial harvest. For some inexplicable reason, they seemed to prefer legal, rather than supernatural, aid on this point.

Years ago, before the world became so staid and psychic, ouija was wont to furnish much hilarity at parties, especially by revealing ages and by disclosing—or pretending to disclose—who was going to marry whom. Ouija appeared to enter into the spirit of these little affairs, whereas nowadays conditions are reversed, and the spirit enters into ouija. However, let us not begrudge the pine plank its youthful levity. Ouija is only young once.

A boy's kite was but a plaything until Benjamin Franklin took it and received messages from the clouds. Ouija was but a toy, until a curious world has taken it, and receives messages from—*quién sabe?*

War shattered supernatural as well as international boundaries, and left the invasion of the realm of spiritism to be accomplished by a veritable army of these uncanny devices. In the wake of a flood of books on "automatic writing," spiritualism swept into the "best seller" competition. Soon, however, the public began to tire of sitting up until two o'clock with Patience Worth instead of Robert W. Chambers, and forthwith decided to tamper with the invisible world on its recognizance.

In countless homes, a neglected plaything—the diversion of a rainy day, was dragged down from the attic, and to-day the smooth board with its alphabet and numbers, and its fascinating heart-shaped tripod, has become the tramping ground of the unseen.

One speaks of "taking up ouija" with that matter-of-fact intonation one might apply to a branch of higher mathematics or possibly a system of dieting. In any well-run home, the ouija board and the ironing board are of equal rank and necessity, and calling up the unseen powers on the ouija is quite as commonplace as calling up the unseen grocer on the telephone.

Startling results are credited to this mysterious medium. It has, we are assured, been most accommodating in revealing the whereabouts of missing persons. (Oddly enough, sheriffs and other public apprehenders still cling to more primitive methods.) Ouija has foretold coming events with commendable candour and accuracy, and occasionally describes occurrences which are taking place elsewhere.

Unconditional surrender on the face of the returns is not

universal, however. Delvers into psychic phenomena advise more than a grain of salt. Ouija, in their seasoned opinion, is no short-cut to "the other side." Instead of supernatural interference, they attribute its mobile propensities to "the subconscious muscular activity of the sitter." This, at any rate, in the words of Dr. Hereward Carrington, "is the most sane and rational view to take until definite proof to the contrary be forthcoming."

Rest your fingers on the heart-shaped bit of wood, and watch it skip lightly over the surface of the board. What does that prove? Merely that the powers of your conscious mind have been rendered temporarily inactive, while your subconscious mind, like an untrustworthy chauffeur, goes out for a joy-ride.

If, on the other hand, the tripod is sluggish under your gentle finger tips, and you are inclined to be skeptical of the whole operation, you will find solace and substantiation in the conservative pages of Webster's dictionary. That hidebound stickler defines ouija, it is true, but commits itself to no positive affirmations. For, Webster remarks, "it is said [*sic*] that when the fingers of one or more persons are lightly rested on the board, it sometimes [*sic*] moves."

After all, ouija has every convenience for the use of a spirit, with letters and figures and "yes" and "no" all legibly printed to facilitate the transmission of messages. Communications are immediately accessible; they need not be deciphered or decoded. It would be far more awkward, for example, to depend upon the steam radiator to thump "yes" and "no" or to adapt a coffee-percolator to spirit usage.

Ouija is not without its weakness, however. It lacks the strength of character to say "no," a failing which is manifest in its name—a blend of the French and the German affirmative. We doubt if ouija would be capable of the great refusal.

LISLE BELL.

A MYSTERIOUS MATTER.

I.

So far as I am aware, no expert in boobonic psychology, whether academic or lay, has yet thought it worth his while to make a scientific inquiry into one of the most remarkable psychological phenomena on view in the Republic since the Breckenridge-Pollard case, to wit, the sudden and complete collapse of the doctrine of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's divine inspiration and infinite goodness, the utter downfall of that austere, ideal-mad, illustrious, infallible and lovely man.

What could be more mysterious, more interesting, more provocative of more or less idiotic speculation? Who, with merely human gifts, could imagine a more dramatic and overwhelming debacle? A year ago the eminent professor held so lofty a place in the public regard that the slightest wink of his eye was as a blinding flash to vast multitudes. His most casual remarks took on the character of celestial *pronunciamentos*. His literary style was absolutely perfect; his sagacity passed the remotest bounds of the inordinate; his virtue was utterly beyond question. The least praise one heard of him in those days was to the effect that he was the greatest man in the world. Persons very close to his person, in fact—his intimates and adjutants *de la suite*—went even further. That is to say, they indulged themselves in discreet hints, born of their clearer view and relish of his extraordinary merits, that he was actually a private agent of the Most High, a sort of celestial Colonel House, and of the rank of Iokanaan at the lowest.

Now turn to to-day. What a fall, alas, alas, alas! One year ago the few foolhardy iconoclasts who dared to question his incapacity for error were sent up for twenty years as agents of the Kaiser, the Bolsheviks and the Devil; to-day a man who gave a whoop for him in public would be rushed to the nearest psychopathic ward in a smallpox wagon. Politicians stand in mortal dread of being thought friendly to him, even of being on speaking terms with him. Candidates for the Presidency go to great pains to

flout him and repudiate him. So abject a fellow as Dr. Lansing, by the simple device of getting cashiered by him, becomes a hero overnight and is cheered in the movie-houses. Senators who once fawned over him with unctuous passion now hint broadly that he is *non compos mentis* and ought to be put away. The common people, witnessing his ignominious defeat at the hands of the Lodge-Johnson camorra, give thanks to God that he is getting what he deserves. In all this imperial land I know of but one sect of men who remain faithful to the throne, and that is the sect of right-thinking pedagogues. Even the profiteers have turned tail.

II.

As I say, the spectacle is before all of us; no one can escape the stupendous fact; even the Doctor himself, I dare say, has begun to suspect that he has been demoted from the Trinity. But the inner causes thereof still remain in shadow. By what process did the great masses of the plain people come to change their minds about him? What, precisely, was the cake of soap that he stepped on? In what manner did he come so vast a cropper?

Speculation, of course, is not quite silent upon the subject; it never is upon any subject, however vexed. One hears certain explanations in all places of public discussion, and some of them, at first blush, show a seductive persuasiveness. But all of them go to pieces upon close inspection. For example, the explanation that it is the peace-treaty that has brought the late hero to the block. Is it sound? I doubt it gravely. The great majority of the American people, it must be obvious, had no fundamental objection to the treaty, nor to the League of Nations. They accepted the League as a feasible means of escape from the horrors of another war. They were heartily in favour of the principle underlying it, and quite unable to understand the details of the document itself. The arguments in favour of it were all simple, virtuous and idiotic—in brief, sure to convince simple men. The arguments against it were all complex and subtle—in brief, certain to arouse proletarian suspicions. If the debate created any definite public sentiment at all, it was a sentiment for a speedy ending of the gabble. The plain people, at worst, preferred the League to the row over it.

Nor has there ever been any general popular objection, so far as I have been able to discern, to the treaty itself—that is, upon grounds of decency and justice. Decency and justice were both adjourned when the war began, and there is not the slightest sign that they are to be re-enacted in our time. The populace, after a successful war, is always in favour of a harsh treaty of peace—the harsher the better. Its instincts are essentially sadistic; it delights in cruel and long-continued punishments. Moreover, it is incurably moral, and can not imagine any virtue whatsoever in an opponent. If one hears occasionally a protest that the treaty, as it stands, is savage and discreditable, that protest comes from a professional humanitarian, probably in the pay of the Wilhelmstrasse. The common people, if they favour any change at all, favour a large increase in the penalties. Thus it is absurd to argue that they turned their backs upon Dr. Wilson because he abandoned his fourteen points and put on the screws. What they demand, if they demand anything, is a putting on of more screws.

III.

Equally absurd is the doctrine that the anti-Wilson movement had its origin among the returned soldiers,

and that its springs were in the eminent gentleman's curious treason to all the lofty sentiments he enunciated at the beginning of the war—the sentiments, to wit, that the soldiers were bidden to cherish, and, cherishing which, they served and suffered. One heard a great deal of talk, during the actual war, to the effect that the boys in khaki, once they returned as free citizens, would give these sentiments a somewhat close and bilious scrutiny—that they were unanimously disillusioned, and longed for the chance to show it. But what did they actually do when they got back? At least half of them seem to have enrolled themselves instantly in an organization pledged to put down free speech, free assemblage and every other high privilege and prerogative of the free citizen—in other words, to put an end at home to the very things they theoretically fought for abroad.

Thus it leads one into obvious difficulties to argue that Dr. Wilson's abandonment of his holy war for democracy caused the collapse of his popularity, for every one else concerned apparently abandoned it at the same moment, and it is now almost as dangerous for an American to argue for democratic ideals, either at home or abroad, as it was for him, two years ago, to argue for monarchical ideals. If you would get into jail to-day, simply let a government spy catch you reading a Yiddish pamphlet maintaining that the Russians have an inalienable right to self-determination, or a handbill arguing that the Egyptians and the Hindus, are, must be, and of a right ought to be free. In a little while, no doubt, the cops will begin to lock up citizens accused of rooting for the German Spartacans. Only the Irish, by current American law, have a right to aspire to run their own country, and even this right becomes null the instant it goes beyond mere aspiration.

Here President and people, pastor and flock, are one and indivisible, and it would be manifestly nonsensical to offer their unanimity as a reason for their discord. On two occasions, in an apparent effort to win back his old popularity, Dr. Wilson has resuscitated his ideals of yesteryear—first, in the matter of the Adriatic question, and secondly in the matter of French imperialism. Both times the sentiment of the country was immediately seen to be against him, or at least not perceptibly with him, and so he discreetly gave up the business.

IV.

Well, then, if public sentiment is sufficiently behind His Excellency on the treaty question, on the League question, on the self-determination question, on the democracy question, on the Bolshevik question (and, I might add, on the jailing-of-Socialists question, the Prohibition question—he is surely no kiln-dried dry—and nearly every other public question)—if it is behind him so far, then why is it against him on the Wilson question?

The answer I offer is simple, plausible, and hence probably imbecile. It may be couched briefly in the following terms, to wit: that the doctor was murdered by his own press agents—that their Herculean anointing first staggered the plain people, then enchanted them, then aroused their suspicions, then set them to sniffing, and then got them into a great rage. These plain people, up to a certain point, love to make their obeisance to eminent men. They delight in heroes. Homage fills them with joy. But in them there also resides eternally a latent suspicion of the exalted, a congenital aversion to superiority—and soon or late it is bound to burst forth. The higher the giant the

more grandly he falls. For a while they hoist him up, up, up, cheering frantically as his head bulges the firmament of heaven and his legs stretch out to the immense length of parallels of longitude—and then, whoop, whoop! they pull the Gargantuan soap-box from under him, and down he comes tumbling like the Alps spilling into the Piedmont Plain.

Woodrow made the gigantic error of believing his own press agents. Mistaking the harsh, lavish flatteries of hireling sycophants for the true voice of the great, lush commonalty, he proceeded upon the theory that he was actually sacrosanct, superhuman and infallible. For a while the theory met with no challenge. On the one hand, it was protected by the Espionage Act, and on the other hand, it filled a natural need of the moment. Plunged into war, the plain people had necessity for a hero—a grand and gaudy champion—some beyond-man to embody and visualize their patriotism, their enthusiasm, their yearning for the melodramatic and the overpowering. So all the spotlights turned upon the Doctor, and he glittered like a Himalayan peak. Nothing quite like him had been on view in the world since the days of the Hebrew prophets. He was wisdom incarnate; the man peerless and impeccable; Washington and Lincoln rolled into one; the superb symbol of the national greatness, the national sapience and the national virtue.

But he went just a bit too high; he went, so to speak, over the top. Underneath there began to seethe and bubble the old, ineradicable, ages-long hatred of superiority, the ancient suspicion of eminence, the plain man's instinctive aversion to whatever is lofty and fancy. One heard, at the start, no more than a few deprecating coughs. Then feet began to be shuffled. Then noses were blown. Then a hardy spirit or two got up and stalked out of the hall. Then there was a derisive cheer from some remote gallery—a scoundrelly Socialist, yelling as the *polizei* closed in on him. Then the Liberals began to sneak out, leaving their jobs behind. Then some one threw a beer bottle. Then there was a fight in the section of Jacksonian Democrats. Then whoops. Then screams. Then rough-house.

The *gendarmérie* did their darndest to stem the tumult, and the press agents laboured like a battalion of death. Airships flew over the assemblage heaving down thousands of tons of chromos showing Dr. Wilson, Washington, and Lincoln encircled by the same wreath. Leaders of the revolt were rushed as they arose, and dragged bawling to military dungeons. Artillery was brought to play. A band of 10,000 pieces struck up "Nearer, My God, To Thee." The Doctor himself was delivered of such phrases as, a few short months before, would have reduced the whole nation to sobs of literary ecstasy. His words bubbled and caressed. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, pronouns and conjunctions filled the air like flocks of humming birds, clouds of rose-petals, fogs of talcum powder.

But it was too late. The show of pulling down and trampling so exalted a man was a show vastly better than the show of crying him up—it was, indeed, a better show than the war itself. Superior? Bah! A mere man, after all! A brother to John Smith! Down with him. Put him in his place. To hell with all aristocrats, highfaluters and lofty sniffers, whether Hohenzollern or Presbyterian! *A bas* divine inspiration! A rope, a rope! V.

I may be wrong, but I guess that that dinner off golden plates had a great deal to do with it. No doubt

the actual chow was very good—a cut from the joint and two vegetables, with maybe a sliver of Stilton to follow and a mug of bitter. But what ptomaines were hidden in those honest English victuals! What a fearful stomach-ache when the great masses of the plain people began to digest them!

H. L. MENCKEN.

BACKWARDNESS AND BOLSHEVISM.

A COUPLE of centuries hence, when scholars are busy with the dissection of that volume of history which is being now so laboriously put together, there will doubtless be no end of dry laughter at the expense of the Great Men of Versailles. The grandsons, several times removed, of the college freshmen of to-day will perhaps be asked to explain why the world scratched its head for so long over the disposition of Fiume, when the affairs of the two largest nations on earth were still in a state of high confusion. They—that is to say, the grandsons—may even be required to set down in the last ten minutes of some examination period an account of the outcome of that general receivership of the Far East which has now come about as a result of the ruinous combination of Chinese backwardness and Russian Bolshevism. And by that time, they—the grandsons—will have forgotten more than we can ever know about the ultimacies of all this post-war confusion.

But one does not have to stand on the mountain-top of the year 2120 in order to perceive that now, in 1920, affairs in the Far East are in a bad way. The defeat of the Central Empires has thrown the German rights in Shantung upon the international bourse. Yet it may be said with some show of reason that if Germany had never held a foot of land on the Shantung peninsula, the situation in the Far East would still be very much what it is to-day. As long as backwardness and Bolshevism—primitiveness and precocity—are regarded as just grounds for intervention in the affairs of other nations, the most adroit treatment of the Shantung question can not cure the ills of Asia. Whatever happens to this precious peninsula, it is quite certain that the general sovereignty of China is destined to be further abridged, either by the extension of special spheres of influence or by the establishment of an international financial trusteeship, and it is almost equally sure that the control of eastern Siberia is destined to pass outright to Japan. In other words, China has the happy alternative of being gobbled up competitively or co-operatively, while for Siberia there would seem to be no alternatives at all.

If the co-operative scheme is a comparatively new one, the process of individual nibbling had already been tested by long use when the Spanish-American War and the acquisition of the Philippines aroused American interest in the Far Eastern question. By the time the United States had become sufficiently concerned with the fate—and the trade—of the Celestial Empire, to propose a general acceptance of the Hay Doctrine, the powers established in China were already deeply entangled in the system of spheres of influence. The Boxer uprising made the open-door policy still more difficult of realization, and after the Russo-Japanese War the activities of Japan in Manchuria seemed to deny the possibility of any effectual acceptance of this policy elsewhere than in Washington.

Nevertheless the memory of the Hay Doctrine must have been stalking through the mind of Mr.

Lansing when he made his naive and memorable agreement with Viscount Ishii—an agreement which Washington holds to be in essence a reaffirmation of the open-door policy. Most unfortunately, this agreement included the statement that “the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in that part to which her possessions are contiguous”; and this statement has furnished the basis for the Japanese claim that the United States has acknowledged the rightfulness of the special and even dominant position which Japan has held in China since 1914. Whatever we may think of this interpretation of the Lansing-Ishii note, it is certain that if the reference to “special interests” has any meaning at all, the effect of the agreement as a whole must be detrimental to the welfare of China; and it is likewise certain that Mr. Lansing placed the United States in an altogether false position when he conducted negotiations which touched the fate of China without informing China of the transaction or making her a party to the agreement.

During the war Japan established herself quite securely in China by capturing the German holdings in Shantung, by forcing the Chinese Government to accede to certain “demands” framed in Tokio, by financing the various warring factions in China in such a way as to hasten the disintegration of central authority, and by other means perhaps equally dubious and equally effective. France and England were in no position to put a stop to these activities; and President Wilson’s acceptance of the Shantung settlement agreed to in the secret treaties between Japan, England, and France, was naturally regarded by the Japanese as a further acknowledgment of the strength of their position. According to President Wilson’s memorandum of 6 August, 1919, the Japanese delegates at Paris entered into a verbal “gentleman’s agreement” with the other members of the Big Five “to hand back the Shantung peninsula in full sovereignty to China, retaining only the economic privileges granted to Germany, and the right to establish a settlement under the usual conditions at Tsing-tao.” It may be noted in passing that in their public utterances Japanese statesmen have quite generally said that Japan is prepared “to enter upon negotiations with the Government at Peking as to the arrangements necessary” to give effect to the pledge made at Paris. Viscount Uchida, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, used these words in an official statement to the press, and Baron Goto, a member of the Japanese Diplomatic Advisory Council, employed even more elastic language when he said: “Japan will submit to China a definite and liberal proposal as to the settlement of German rights.” In other words, there is some slight ground for believing that Japan holds herself bound, not to return Shantung out of hand, but to *open negotiations* for the return of Shantung—which is a very different matter. To the casual observer, it would seem that under these conditions the price that Japan can demand for the return of Shantung need be limited only by the ability of Peking to protect China from further exactions. It is small wonder then that the Chinese Premier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Vice-Foreign-Minister have resigned rather than participate in direct negotiations with Japan for the return of Shantung. Now that these members of the Cabinet are out of the way, the Anfu Club, a militaristic and pro-Japanese group, is supposed to be in full control of affairs at Peking. It is reported that, under

the auspices of this organization, “indirect negotiations” with Japan have already been completed, and direct negotiations are about to begin. In the meantime, Chinese students are holding mass-meetings to protest against the Anfu deal with Japan, and against the general denial of civil liberties, while desultory efforts are being made to effect some sort of compromise between the militarized Government at Peking and the more democratic organization in South China.

While all this is going forward in China proper, Japan is conducting in regions to the northward a receivership less formal than that of Shantung. The details of these northern operations are not easily gotten at, but the main outlines of the situation are sufficiently clear. The railway system of Manchuria takes the form of a tripod with a long stem and a much longer cross-arm. The legs of this tripod join at Mukden; the roads which meet at this point are the Chinese Government Railway from Peking, and the South Manchurian lines from Port Arthur and Seoul. Since the Russo-Japanese War, Japan has controlled the last two lines, as well as the road from Mukden north nearly to Harbin—an extension of the South Manchurian system which forms the stem of the tripod. The cross-arm, extending across Manchuria from Chita in the Transbaikial region through Harbin to Nikolsk, near Vladivostok, is called the Chinese Eastern Railway; at the outbreak of the war, this road—the main line between maritime Siberia and Russia—was operated and policed by the Russian Government, under a provision that ownership and control were ultimately to revert to China. Still further north, and lying wholly within Siberia, is the Amur railway, forming a huge arc of which the Chita-Harbin-Nikolsk line is the chord.

In South Manchuria and the neighbouring regions of Eastern Inner Mongolia, Japan has been most actively engaged in making good her claims to “special interests in China, particularly in that part to which her possessions are contiguous.” Premier Hara has said that because of the size and nature of Japanese investments in Manchuria, and because of the proximity of Korea, Japan has in this region certain “special interests vital to her national safety.” When Japan foreclosed the German rights in Shantung and took the proceeds for herself instead of returning them to China, she was simply following the precedent she had already set in dealing with Russian rights in Manchuria. In addition to the privileges which Japan inherited at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, she now holds concessions granted by China for the building of new railroads stretching westward toward the heart of Mongolia.

The simple and obvious conclusion to be drawn from these facts in regard to Japanese activities in governmental circles in Peking, and in Shantung, Manchuria and Mongolia, is that Japan has prospered greatly and is in a position to prosper still further by the maintenance of the sphere-of-influence scheme for the exploitation of China. It is also quite generally admitted that, because of financial and other difficulties arising out of the war, and also because of the increasing complexity of the situation in the Near East, England and France are not now able individually to push their claims in China in competition with those of Japan. America likewise has nothing to lose and much to gain by calling a halt in the expansion of spheres of influence—*now*, when the Japanese sphere is the only one that is expanding.

To remember these facts is to realize that the con-

sortium for the financing of China, proposed by the United States and accepted by France and England, is no mere gesture of altruism. Nor is the Japanese opposition to the consortium as mysterious as might at first appear.

America's intention to take a hand in the financial rehabilitation of China was announced by the State Department, 29 July, 1918, in a statement which read in part as follows:

China declared war against Germany very largely because of the action of the United States. Therefore this Government has felt a special interest in the desire of China so to equip herself as to be of more specific assistance in the war against the Central Powers. . . . An agreement has been reached between . . . [certain bankers] and the State Department which has the following salient features:

First—The formation of a group of American bankers to make a loan or loans [to China]. . . .

Fifth—Assurances that, if the terms and conditions of the loan are accepted by this Government and by the Government to which the loan is made, . . . the American Government will be willing to aid in every way possible and to make prompt and vigorous representations and to take every possible step to ensure the execution of equitable contracts made in good faith by its citizens in foreign lands. . . .

Negotiations are now passing between the Government of the United States and those Governments [of Great Britain, Japan, and France] which it is hoped will result in their co-operation and in the participation by the bankers of those countries in equal parts of any loan that may be made.

The negotiations here begun had no immediate result, but during the Peace Conference at Paris, representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan prepared a new consortium-plan which provided that instead of fostering the further extension of spheres of influence, the four Governments concerned should hereafter co-operate in the financing of China. It is intended that the operations of the consortium shall deal primarily with loans to the Chinese Republic and its Provinces. Since the terms of the consortium agreement have not been published, no authoritative information is obtainable as to what means will be used by the international bankers to secure the safety of their investments. However, the tone of the announcement with which the State Department opened the consortium negotiation leaves no doubt that if necessity arises the Government will not hesitate to back up the claims of American bankers with the force of American arms; nor is it to be supposed that the other powers would long hesitate to resort to extreme means for the protection of the prerogatives of the consortium-group in China. According to Paul S. Reinsch, former United States Minister to China, "The foreign lenders have the right to demand security for their investment. . . . The best security from every point of view is found in improved methods of revenue and general administration. Foreign lenders are entitled to have strict methods of accountability, and effective civil service rules applied." A hint as to how these ideal conditions may be brought about is contained in a Washington press dispatch announcing that the four Powers have agreed to begin negotiations with China for the issuance by the consortium of an emergency loan of £5,000,000. The dispatch states that in this case "the contract will call for foreign supervision of the expenditure of the loan." A Peking cable of more recent date says that China's affairs are in such a bad way as to require

not only foreign auditing after expenditure of the loan-proceeds, but foreign approval before expenditure and foreign supervision during expenditure. And inasmuch as there must be protection of the security for the loans, there must

be supervision over the collection and disbursement of the ordinary revenues of the Government. And this means an international financial trusteeship.

In the absence of any official information as to the steps the powers will take to transform China into a going concern, the statement of the Peking correspondent may be accepted as a fair estimate of what will be considered necessary.

It is highly probable that the whole machinery of the consortium would be already in operation were it not for the fact that the eager internationalism of the Japanese Foreign Office has cooled somewhat since the representatives of the four bankers' groups reached their preliminary understanding in Paris last summer. Japan has recently exhibited great reluctance to sign any agreement which will require her to give up her plans for the extension of the South Manchurian Railway system into Mongolia. A Tokio dispatch of 30 March says that the Cabinet has decided that

Japan is desirous to enter the Chinese consortium, but will not abandon her settled policy demanding the exclusion of Manchuria and Mongolia. . . . This policy, however, may be modified provided, first, that rights acquired already in these provinces are recognized, and, second, that the consortium agreement excludes future loans of a nature prejudicial to Japan's national defence or military interest in Manchuria and Mongolia.

France has joined Great Britain and the United States in declining to acquiesce in the special treatment which Japan demands for herself, and there the matter rests for the present.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of this whole negotiation is that here, as in the case of the Lansing-Ishii agreement, and the Franco-Japanese and Anglo-Japanese treaties which disposed of Shantung, China has not been a party to the transaction. In this respect the backward Chinese have received precisely the same treatment that has been accorded to the Bolshevik Russians. Early in 1918 the Japanese, French and British Governments reached an agreement providing for interventionist operations in Siberia, to be conducted by Japanese troops exclusively. Washington objected so strenuously to this programme of single-handed intervention that it was definitely abandoned, and in the summer of 1918 the Allied powers and the United States agreed to send in not more than 7000 troops each "to save the Czecho-Slovak armies" and "to steady any effort of the Russians at self-defence or the establishment of law and order, in which they might be willing to accept assistance." In January, 1919, the United States accepted a plan proposed by Japan for the supervision of the Siberian railways by an international committee headed by John F. Stevens. From that time forth it was the chief business of the American troops to assist in keeping open the line of communications without the use of which Kolchak's army would certainly have gone to smash long before it actually did. Throughout this whole period the Japanese seem to have played a lone hand, much as they are now doing in China. They are accused of having failed repeatedly to co-operate with the railway administration; and report also has it that at the very time when they were advancing money to Kolchak and maintaining a representative of ambassadorial rank at Omsk, they were also giving support to Kalmakoff and Semennoff, the Cossack enemies of the All-Russian Government. From the vantage point of the present, it appears that the Japanese played for a general dissolution of Russian forces in Siberia, even as they did in China when they made

loans to factional chieftains who took opposite sides in the civil war.

When Siberia finally went Bolshevik and the American troops were withdrawn, Japan's aims in Siberia became sufficiently clear. When the Japanese seized Vladivostok four days after the embarkation of the last American units, a Washington dispatch stated that the purpose of this action was "to protect Japanese interests, to safeguard the principal Japanese base of supplies in Siberia at Vladivostok, to ward off the threat of Bolshevism, . . . and to remove the menace to Manchuria and Korea." All this sounds remarkably like the reasons Japan has advanced for maintaining her special interests in Manchuria and Mongolia against the claims of the consortium; but an explanation of this sort is evidently considered to cover adequately any action against the Bolsheviks, for not only did Washington fail to protest against the seizure of Vladivostok, but the dispatch just referred to stated that "Japan's vital interest, from the point of view of national defence, in the maintenance of troops in Siberia is recognized by the [American] Government." As the State Department had already gone so far as to make public Japan's decision to occupy Siberian territory "until conditions have become stable and the menace to Manchuria and Korea has been removed," one wonders if this is the precursor to another Lansing-Ishii agreement which will give official recognition to the special interests of Japan in Siberia, and will be followed in due time by the formation of a Siberian consortium organized to foreclose these same special interests. Whatever may be to-morrow's answer, to-day Japan dominates a huge triangle on the mainland of Asia, with its 1500-mile base stretching from Korea to the Gulf of Okhotsk and its apex at Lake Baikal, 1500 miles inland from the Pacific shore.

At any rate, Japan has been good enough to clear the atmosphere somewhat by abandoning the claim that she is maintaining her position in China and Siberia for the good of the Chinese and the Siberians. This leaves to the consortium a monopoly control of self-righteousness—makes it what the Supreme Court at Washington might call "a good trust." But enough has already been said to show that the consortium is not a lily-white dream of altruism. For one thing, it is a means of halting the development of spheres of influence *now*, when the *status quo* has already become a status of standstill for everybody except Japan. And besides, it provides a safe, lucrative, Government-guaranteed field of investment for American bankers who are seeking just such snug stockings for the hiding of war-profits. The presence of the following-named firms in the American group is a sufficient proof that we are not in this business for love alone: J. P. Morgan and Company; Kuhn, Loeb and Company; the National City Bank; the Guaranty Trust Company; Lee, Higginson and Company; Kidder, Peabody and Company—and very many more of the same fellowship.

But even if we admit that the banking groups, American and foreign, are inspired by capital's need for interest rather than by China's need for capital, it is nevertheless true that China is a backward country. If her resources are ever to be developed, they must be developed by foreigners working competitively or co-operatively—and for the sake of China it is certainly better that they work co-operatively. So, at any rate, it will be argued.

An inborn heresy of temper prompts a challenge of the whole "backward-people" theory; it prompts the

statement that in the long run the backward peoples would probably be better off if they never smelt coal smoke or lit their houses with kerosene until they could get the foreigners who build the railroads and dig the oil-wells to come into the country as hired servants rather than as masters. The Russian Soviet Government took a position something like this when it published a manifesto warning China against the fate of Korea and India, and promising to restore the Chinese Eastern Railway without compensation, to give back all the mines and forests obtained from China by "the governments of the Romanoffs, Kerensky, Horveth, Semenoff, Kolchak and other bureaucrats," to cancel the Boxer indemnity, to abolish all the privileges obtained by Russian merchants in Chinese territories, and to denounce all treaties concluded between China and former Russian Governments.

But Soviet Russia has no money to loan. As long as advanced nations like the United States go on heaping up mountains of capital, backward nations like China will have to help pay the interest. And since some sort of exploitation is necessary, in the present nature of things, the comparative righteousness of competitive national action and co-operative international action is a matter of immediate and terrestrial importance. It seems quite certain that the present peace of China may be more easily secured by action on the new plan. But if it is admitted that there is no ultimate salvation for China and Siberia except in the control of China by the Chinese and Siberia by the Siberians, the problem in long-term ethics is somewhat simplified. It may now be put this way: which will be the easier, to shake off the hold of a number of individual nations, each with its own private quarrels, or to break the grip of an international organization formed to maintain the foreign dominance that *must* be gotten rid of sooner or later?

In such matters—once the question is fairly put—one man's guess is perhaps as good as another's.

GEROID ROBINSON.

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL.

FREEDOM is as many-sided as life, but a man's economic needs come first, so economic freedom is the first essential of liberty. Poverty and wage slavery are the result of restrictions on the equal rights of all men to produce and exchange wealth. Privileges, monopolies, exclusions bloom into industrial conflicts and international wars. President Wilson acknowledged this sequence when he made the removal of economic barriers one of the terms of settlement, and the Supreme Council has found it necessary to recall the "third point" from the oblivion into which the President had allowed it to be thrust. Unfortunately, the economic ignorance of the statesmen in control of the old and new nations makes them an easy prey to the vested interests which have fattened on legal favouritism at the public expense, and will no doubt fight to the bitter end against the abrogation of their privileges. Like the tax farmers of the old regime in France, whom they closely resemble, they will listen neither to reason nor to entreaty. And yet, though powerful, they form a small minority and could be overcome if it were not that their economic fallacies extend a narcotic influence over the masses through the accredited teachers and expounders of political economy.

The question of competition lies at the heart of the argument. The great thinkers of pre-revolutionary France, and their followers in England and Amer-

ica—from Quesnay and Turgot through Adam Smith to Henry George—sought to found the science of political economy on broad general principles. They looked upon competition as a natural measure of values, whether of goods, of services or of opportunities. They believed that if fraud and compulsion were removed, bargains willingly arrived at under the law of supply and demand would be just. Their advice was to clear away the toll-gates and let trade flow freely over all avenues.

An opposite view is held by the sociological writers of to-day, who deride the appeal to natural laws. Priding themselves on being practical, they seek a separate remedy for every social ill. Their schemes bristle with benevolence—for the relief of perpetual poverty they offer pensions, insurance, minimum wages, maximum prices, state loans, small holdings, town planning, public works—a bewildering number of devices to be paid for by an equally bewildering array of taxes. A paternal government will place its inquisitors in every house and make the proper adjustment between plutocratic Peter and poverty-stricken Paul. The excessive gains of privilege will be confiscated, but privilege will be preserved at all hazards. The immediate danger is that both parties to the class war, alike ignorant of the act of justice demanded by the situation, will be driven on by blind emotion to a desperate and fruitless conflict. Instead of the enlightened leadership that might render the industrial revolution bloodless by offering a just social compact wherein class interests are subordinated to human rights, we have the same palliatives offered by the Sidney Webbs and John Deweys, the religious leaders and the labour leaders, the spokesmen for the *intelligentsia* and for the proletariat.

Professor Dewey assumes that it has been demonstrated that unrestricted competition is incompatible with freedom and equality though we are not informed where the demonstration occurred. In the world we know competition is everywhere restricted by laws giving away in perpetuity the surface of the earth. The existence side by side of unemployed men and unused natural opportunities shows that the fault is not with nature, but with human legislation which prevents men from competing with each other on equal terms for the use of land. Competition is one-sided; the dice are loaded in favor of the landlord. Our laws permit him to pocket the publicly created rent of land, the natural fund for public expenses. This favoritism entails further restrictions on competition, for it raises house-rents, enhances the cost of raw materials, and necessitates taxes whose incidence is so obscure that the volumes devoted to its elucidation leave it more hopelessly tangled than ever.

Land monopoly is the mother of unemployment. However careless of human happiness nature may be, it offers unmeasured opportunities for the employment of human energy in the production of wealth. Free competition cannot exhaust these opportunities. It is our land laws which, by restricting them, produce cut-throat competition and wage slavery. By the simple expedient of taking ground-rent for public expenses, and abolishing taxation, we can restore the natural balance of supply and demand, and liberate men from a state of unwilling dependence. Nature's employment bureau would never have to turn an applicant away, and nature's minimum wage would insure the independence of the labourer. Such a belief in natural law does not require a theological bias, but rather an appreciation of the truth emphasized by Darwin in the familiar theory of the survival of the fittest.

Professor Dewey thinks that the classic doctrine of free trade was defective because it overlooked the need of supervision and control, and he considers that the dogma of *laissez faire* applied to nations would work as fatally as he conceives it to have worked when applied to individuals. Assuming that England's approximation to free trade was a sufficient test, we can credit the policy with a commercial expansion that made London the centre of the world and filled the seas with British ships. Its success was commensurate with its freedom from hampering restrictions, and its approach to the *laissez faire* ideal of a fair field and no favour.

If England, under her free trade system, suffered all the social ills that flourished in protectionist countries, the blame must rest not upon freedom of exchange, but rather upon a state of slavery in the realm of production. As a nation, Great Britain prospered wonderfully under free trade, but the lion's share of the wealth was absorbed in rents by the landed interests. The process of transfer is put plainly and tersely by Thorold Rogers in these memorable sentences:

Every improvement of the soil, every railway and road, every bettering of the general condition of society, every facility given for production, every stimulus supplied to consumption, raises rent. The landowner sleeps but thrives. He alone, among all the recipients in the distribution of products, owes everything to the labour of others, contributes nothing of his own.

The problem that now confronts the world is not how best to regulate and control international trade, but how to free it from stupid or selfish regulations and controls, in time to avert another universal disaster. The revolutionary temper everywhere manifest calls for an adequate remedy, and no remedy is adequate that does not satisfy the deep human craving for freedom. Commissions to attempt the impossible task of equalizing labour standards, commissions to regulate shipping, commissions to administer food and raw materials, commissions to interfere with emigration and immigration, are the counsel of incompetency. They do not contain the healing principle. They are quack remedies which administer opiates under various disguises.

Our civilization has come to its present pass because by our ignorant legislation we have attempted to nullify the natural law of competition. Our only salvation is to recognize it as a determining factor in the social environment. The disinherited have been passed to the point of revolt, and they will follow the most vital leadership available. The landlords and the trade lords instinctively vacillate between measures of blind repression and ineffectual concessions, while the "intellectuals" would fasten upon the turbulent masses a monstrous bureaucracy which promises to relieve the victims without attacking the causes of oppression. Neither group offers escape from the endless conflict, for neither would compose the class struggle.

Reconciliation and peace can be had only at the price of abolition of all forms of economic privilege. Henry George has shown how to open the land—all the resources of nature—on equal terms to all men; how to establish freedom in production and exchange; how to secure the rights of the individual without trespassing upon the rights of society. Let those who are sated with bloodshed meet the revolutionary menace with the promise of justice to all men in the tangible form of access to a free earth and freedom in the exchange of wealth. Nothing less will suffice.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

GO WEST, YOUNG ARTIST.

SIRS: To the keen appraisal of art criticism and of the character of art's present product, in your issue of 7 April, a reader remote from pictures, artists, and much of the best criticism experiences a curious reaction. There is a recognized body of opinion about art, however unco-ordinated, in such centres of productivity as New York, London, and Paris. Elsewhere, inarticulate and unselfconscious, there is also a body of opinion, never so little regarded as now, and never in my humble judgment, so worth while understanding, cultivating and satisfying as now.

The desire to have a good picture in the house may be found far down the social scale. This desire may be capitalized by an energetic, not to say a sympathetic man, who caring for human nature in whatever guise, gives people in visual and tangible form what their uncreative faculties only dimly crave and apprehend. The familiar old house on the corner, a sunset from the hill-top, up which the farmer climbs for rest and contemplation after the day's work; the glen where thousands have picnicked; even factories and office buildings, intimately known from distance vile—all these give pleasure when faithfully recorded, faithful in drawing, color, chiaroscuro.

Nor is the desire merely for pictures of dead things: there is hardly a family but would have a portrait, *if it could*. In pioneer days three or four portrait painters in Cincinnati wandered about middle-western towns and villages painting portraits. They may or may not have been good pictures; but to-day zeal for these old pictures will start a family quarrel more readily than an uncertain title to a ten acre lot. Good or bad, they were the only things of their kind, and human nature fastens to such products of a painter when even a box of old daguerreotypes and the ghostly photographs of later days are irreverently shuffled on out of the way. I venture to affirm that there is not a town of 20,000 in the United States where a man with the knack of catching a likeness, and putting on colour harmoniously, could not make a good living painting portraits. But he would have to inspire the confidence enjoyed by a reliable physician, or a lawyer of integrity. The romantic painter, creating whimsies of line and colour, coming and going in a kind of purple *flaire* with unpaid bills and unfinished canvasses, would hardly profit by this widespread desire for intelligible pictures.

That this demand is already beginning to create a supply of pictures, locally produced, no observer of local exhibitions can fail to perceive. Far from the studios of great centres, the people are realizing in their own way that,

... we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.

I once found a man sketching in the country on flat-tinted pasteboard held up by a rude easel. He had got some truth of sunlight and colour, and he could draw. He turned out to be a sign painter, when he could not get a job painting houses. "Why not," I suggested, "paint pictures, and let the signs go?" "I must live," he said. But middle-aged man and with a family, he finally screwed up his nerve to paint pictures only. Since then he has exhibited, taken prizes, built a good house—and travelled. Primarily his help came from a local desire for his pictures. Had a competent critic inspected his first efforts, the man would still be turning out signs.

No two spots in this varied land show subject-matter alike—not even in the wayward dreams of studio artists. There is a technique of the prairie, of the lakes, the mountains. All awaits the recorder. Iowa cornfields, the blue hills of Duluth. . . . I once wished that the hills where I live might be interpreted as English artists have revealed their beloved Cotswolds. I appealed to the leading landscape painter in the State to put in a fortnight with me sketching, studying, preparing to make some pictures. "I know the country well," he answered, "but I can't paint oaks."

Art, to the mass of the people, connotes shifting European fashion—something alien, often meaningless. Does it call for much stretch of imagination to see that this country has still to work through its Prouts, Hardings, Constables before it can envisage the dreams of a Turner? There's journeyman work to be done, and a lot of it. This work will reward the painter who packs up his kit, takes a sporting chance, and paints for the people at something more than a living wage. A competent draughtsman and colourist who is compelled to scream in order to be noticed in the metropolis may rely upon the execution of sound principles "out

west." I have noticed that many pictures in travelling exhibitions, pictures alive with the latest "reactions" in drawing and palette schemes, fantastic in subject-matter, pedantic or insolent in technique, create little desire to own such pictures. The reason is that they are offered to people who have not satisfied their desire for the academic method—for accurate drawing and colouring approximating to that of well-known phenomena. There is opportunity for a painter, adjusting his scale from one to ten against nature's range from one to infinity, who will go out, humbly as a pilgrim, or perhaps with the temper of a crusader, to bring home to us and put on our walls

things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.

I am, etc.,
Gambier, Ohio.

W. P. REEVES.

BUT WHY ONLY NEW YORK?

SIRS: I am a teacher of English in a New York State college, and as I might conceivably in the future be guilty of radicalism on, say, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy or the Free-verse vs. Polyphonic Prose dispute, I should like to take whatever Constitutional measures there may be to protect my humble pursuit of happiness and life—though liberty, I feel, is now too complicated a matter for one of my limited education to attempt to understand or discuss. Can you give me information on the following points?

Imprimis: Is there any legal manner by which I might get a resolution introduced into the national legislature providing for the expulsion of the State of New York from the Federal Union, on the grounds of its repeated official violations of the fundamental (and superficial) principles of American institutions?

Etcetera: Has the Federal government the legal right to expel one of its constituent commonwealths for repeated violations of the principles which that union is pledged to safeguard? Could the resolution I suggest be introduced by a Congressman from some other commonwealth? And can you give me an estimate of the numerical backing such a resolution should have before its introduction; also what is the number of citizens in the teaching profession in this State?

A natural bewilderment at the state of political action will, I trust excuse the *naïveté* of these inquiries. I am, etc.

R. V. A. S.

THE BANKER'S ONE FOUNDATION.

SIRS: Your note in this week's Current Comment about the Interchurch World Movement provokes me to put on record my approval thereof, and to ask if you have seen that rare bit of honest pleading for the churches made by Mr. Roger W. Babson in his admirable *Report* (dated 27 January, 1920). Do you not agree that the following choice extract from Mr. Babson's article would look well in one of those touching appeals for a hundred million dollars—or is it a hundred billion dollars—with which the Interchurch Movement is flooding the country:

The value of our investments depends not on the strength of our banks, but rather upon the strength of our churches. The underpaid preachers of the nation are the men upon whom we really are depending, rather than the well-paid lawyers, bankers and brokers. The religion of the community is really the bulwark of our investments. And when we consider that only fifteen per cent of the people hold securities of any kind and less than three per cent hold enough to pay an income tax, the importance of the churches becomes even more evident.

For our own sakes, for our children's sakes, for the nation's sake, let us business men get behind the churches and their preachers! Never mind if they are not perfect, never mind if their theology is out of date. This only means that were they efficient they would do very much more. The safety of all we have is due to the churches, even in their present inefficient and inactive state. By all that we hold dear, let us from this very day give more time, money and thought to the churches of our city, for upon these the value of all we own ultimately depends!

I am, etc.,

J. C.

MR. M'LEAN SEES IT THROUGH.

SIRS: As one who is fairly well acquainted with the intricacies of the British labour movement permit me to say that in the main your contributor, Mr. R. M. Ford, is right in his judgment as to the attitude of British labour towards the Irish question. It is on the whole an attitude of benevolent neutrality. But the process of education is going on apace in this as in a score of other problems, and not only the

rank and file but many of the leaders—even Labour M.P.'s—are coming to support Ireland's claim to independence. In witness of this statement let me quote from the London *Times* of 14 April, the following significant give and take across the floor of the House of Commons:

LORD ROBERT CECIL: The present condition of Ireland is a scandal and a disgrace to this country. What practical suggestion has the honourable member for Govan to make?

MR. NEIL MCLEAN: (*Labour member for the Govan division of Glasgow*) Self determination.

LORD R. CECIL: An Irish Republic?

MR. NEIL MCLEAN: If the Irish people want it.

LORD R. CECIL: It is not conceivable that any House of Commons would sanction such a proposal.

I am, etc.,

J. B.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

SIRS: Really your esteemed contributor "Journeyman" gives us something less than the whole truth when he holds up for our envy and emulation the tolerant minds of the owners of London's famous Royal Albert Hall. It is true, as he informs us, that at their recent annual meeting the shareholders of the owning company endorsed the policy of the directors in renting the hall for labour and Socialist meetings, but it was frankly a case of *force majeure* and those shareholders who did not realize that painful fact, were plainly so informed by the chairman of the meeting. Perhaps some of your readers—and Journeyman himself—may be interested in a brief account of the whole facts of the case:

Shortly after the Armistice the hall had been booked for a Socialist meeting and a day or two later for a great Victory Ball (such things, of course, must be, after a famous victory) at which London society was to be arrayed in all its glory. Suddenly, at short notice the Socialists were informed that their booking was cancelled. Time was short but Socialist temper was shorter. With lightning speed the aid of the Union of Electricians was invoked. A special meeting of these high priests of Ajax was convened and the directors of the Royal Albert Hall were informed by telephone that if the Socialists could not meet society would not dance—or if it did it would have to do so by candle-light. Appeals and threats were of no avail. The electricians are a hundred per cent organized and their job is one in which volunteers, however eager and well meaning, are likely to be only a source of shocking trouble and confusion. So the directors yielded and the Socialists met and society danced, and so, I suppose, it will be in England to the end of the chapter. I am, etc.,

K. M.

THE WAY OUT OF THE IMPASSE.

SIRS: The National Liberal Federation of England stated in its last annual report "that a thorough application of the taxation of land values would speedily bring land into use for housing, small holdings, allotments and other matters of Reconstruction." The victorious labour candidate at the recent Spen Valley by-election said:

Land is the common heritage of the people. Mineral royalties, site values and public rights in general are appropriated and used for the benefit of a small section of the community. The country for those who work for it—who have fought for it—"The Land for the People!" is the motto of labour.

Again at its recent annual convention the Scottish Trade Union Congress unanimously passed the following resolution:

That whereas the land-question lies at the root of the Labour problem; that land-monopoly forces Labour into involuntary idleness; and whereas land-values are created by the presence, industry and growth of the community, this Congress is of the opinion that the taxation of land-values merits the support of all who stand for industrial emancipation.

Mr. Asquith, triumphant at Paisley, declared for the taxation of land-values, as against all forms of protective tariff and further indirect taxation.

These facts go to show that though in this country we are conscious enough of our grievances we are not concentrating on this, the only scientific remedy, as British labour is. The control of land is a franchise-value which must no longer be misdirected to private use. Perpetual voting on party lines as Republican or Democrat has brought us to an impasse—let us adopt a great principle which will break the electors into natural groups as Conservatives and Liberals with an open line-up of friends and foes. I am, etc.,

WINIFRED B. COSSETTE.

ART.

THE MACHINE AS SLAVE AND MASTER.

SOME day when the fever of our civilization will have burnt itself out like a superheated furnace, some clear-eyed ironist will write the philosophical and social history of the Machine. With the imperturbability of his theme and yet with a glow of pity in his heart he will trace the curve of its ever-growing power over the human animal and its destinies. Intersecting the vertical lines of his chart, he will mark it sweeping and darting upward in jagged and precipitous spurts during the last two centuries—a black lightning-streak, or the skyline of a mountain-range upon which Humanity like Prometheus lies helpless in chains and exposed—to itself.

At the lower end of this grim line we find the stone-hatchet and the fire-drill of the primitives; at the uppermost end, salient like some iron tentacle or Tartarean creeper, the complicated enginery of our day, the highly organized mechanical monsters, productive and destructive, born of our ingenuity and our greed. Here we see mathematical formulæ and subtle problems in physics and mechanics working themselves out in steel, animated by steam or electricity. The laws of dynamics are translated into cunning contrivances before our eyes. With something of the horror that is born of such mystery, we behold the inorganic with its monotonous mimicry of life swamp-ing life itself.

The world before the war was glutted and choked with the rivers of textiles and papyri that streamed from the mechanical loom, the paper-machine and the rotary press. The fides of industrial production flowed round the world in dense and turgid streams, laden with the spawn and offal of the Machine. These cluttered up the cities, the shops, the homes of men with cheap and usually ugly things, soulless and de-humanized, and of no interest beyond their brief usefulness. Then, as inevitably foreordained in the strife of the commercial age, came one more puissant than the Machine and its mass-production. This was the grimmest monster of them all, Frankenstein out-Frankenstein. It was the great Reducer to the Absurd—the mortar in which a trumpety civilization was well-nigh brayed to dust and ashes. This Thing spoke as a volcano speaks, in a bloom of rose-red flame and thunder, as it squatted upon its haunches in a market-square and was served by high-priests in frock-coats. The great siege Howitzer seemed for a time the apotheosis of the mechanistic age bent upon self-destruction. But this stable and monumental brute was to be outdone by another. Soon there came a gigantic fire-belching turtle of rivetted armour-plate, with men in its belly, lumbering across the desert which the science of ballistics had wrought in the heart of Europe. The mechanistic age was full of wonder at its own ingenuity and sang litanies to the inventor of the Tank.

Then the obedient slave machines stood still or rose up and rebelled like so many Sparticides. Out of the plethoras they had so patiently brought forth there grew a sudden death. They left us in the lurch amidst a want of paper, of woven wares, of many things the modern materialist feels are necessary for existence. If machines could laugh of themselves, the rhythm of their iron joy would run over the world like a wave.

Up to the hour of the world war the Machine had

been Baal and Mammon. Then—clanking, rumbling, whirring out of secret arsenals and hangars, it suddenly revealed itself as Moloch. The dragons of the prime had come again and felt snugly at home in a new primeval world of stewing swamp and slime, of rotted corpses and shell-blasted ground-soil. The Machine which had been a vampire in the social state, draining lives and converting them into wares under its masters, now became a cannibal, devouring human bodies and human works—and its own progeny.

Before the war we were too blind to see that the Thing we had built to serve us had become a dictator. The Machine, usurping power, had established its own values and negated man's. What is it that to-day confounds and swallows us up? Society in disintegration? The proletariat hounded on to self-immolation in the wars, fed with visions of a new dispensation, and at last awakened to consciousness of its own power? Multitudes famishing in a rich and productive world? All these, no doubt, but primarily this: the chaos produced by the collapse of the great international organization—the consequence and the curse of a machine-made civilization—the whole world, and man, and life itself a machine!

But the dumb enginery of the world is itself in confusion worse confounded. It is sick, and invalid, broken, scrapped, sweated like a slum seamstress. It is starved for want of food—coal and petrol and oil. Men, having surrendered the cunning of their hands to the Machine and flung the handicrafts to the lost arts, are now more helpless than ever—the victims of the mechanical saprophytes which they had bred to such gigantic size in the jungle of industrialism.

To save civilization and culture from the cult of the Machine is the first task of culture and civilization. The Machine is sick, but not moribund. It is gaining its second wind; lowering, it is preparing a new pace and momentum during this pause of lassitude and exhaustion on the part of its masters. Already the upper end of the sinister curve of mechanistic development sways backward and forward, porrected like the head of a snake. The Machine aspires. Its will to evolution sweeps and shoots far beyond the evolution of man; the creature transcends the creator. Behemoth has conquered the earth and the bowels of the earth, his brother Leviathan the sea and the deeps of the sea. And now the Machine has taken to itself wings, has become a pterodactyl. The *tempo* of our lives is no longer attuned to whirling wheels, but to flying missiles and projectiles. Time is lashed furiously through the calendar, distance is destroyed; the planet shrinks. The Machine cheated us with the lure of flight. It converted itself into a bird, without giving us the freedom or refuge of the bird.

It seems strange that the land where civilization is often synonymous with a grandiose empery of mechanics, has so far produced no poet nor philosopher nor imaginative draughtsman of the Machine. But this is perhaps natural, since the Machine in America—the commercial, the political and financial Machine as well as the material Machine—drains the blood and the marrow from art and the imagination. In England we have had Kipling's personifications of liners, locomotives and dynamos, and the ingenious mechanical drolleries of W. Heath Robinson. Marinetti, the Futurist, has deified and demonized the mechanical. That weird genius Alfred Rubin has revealed in his etchings the malevolence and sinister will of the Machine, as he has of houses. The grotesque "Puffing Billys" and the antediluvian steam-

boats of Lyonel Feininger, the gifted expressionist, an American by birth, who is now one of the leaders of the revolutionized Art Academy, the *Bauhaus* at Weimar, might have come out of Laputa. But out of art-impregnated Bavaria in which the æsthetic impulse still glows amidst agrarianism and the wave of industrialism sent southward by the Krupps during the war, comes a new and amazing interpreter of the soul and body of the Machine. In ten superb lithographic plates¹ dedicated to the gifted inventor of the gyroscope, Dr. Anschütz-Kaempf, Otto Muck has created a litany to modern technics. His interpretation is largely a benevolent one. Peering behind and beneath the industrial significance and function of the Machine, Muck beholds it as an entity independent of volition, yet actuated by the desire to serve man.

With remarkable clairvoyance this artist has seized upon the soul and essence of the Machine, coaxed it out of the inanimate and invested it with something mystical and monumental. The weird and unfathomable in the nature of automata is here translated into terms of the semihuman or the animalistic. These things of iron, steel and steam become genii, awe-inspiring, though obedient to a higher will. They are utilitarian monsters, under the spell of inexorable service—the iron grails in which nature's forces play and seethe for our benefit. Yet despite their benevolent purpose, there clings to them something of the strangeness, of the eternal alienation of the inorganic to which we have given this mock-life—creations bred in the shadows between animate and inanimate.

A new dimensional world unfolds itself, a heavy and clanking fantasy takes form upon the lithographic stone. Muck has not built nor assembled machines in his drawings. The technician will miss the orthodoxy of construction. But the artist has intuitively wrought in terms of mechanics and striven to express his contrivances in terms of the symbolic, and the individual.

The first plate is entitled "The Locomotive." It is a drawing of immense sweep and power, atmospherically akin to Turner's "Rain, Steam and Speed." A bullet-headed centaur with clenched fists and glistening as with oil, storms along the rails on hoofs of iron, behind him a smoke- and whirlwind-stricken sky and the black hulks of the cars, thundering. "The Travelling Crane" crouches upon its overhead rails against the glass rectangles of a factory roof. It is conceived as a kind of fantastic cat with hanging prehensile forelegs and claws, its tail the electric cable that feeds it with power. "The Harbour Dericks" are rooted fast in stolid rows along the quay, like grim, bald titans in rivetted cuirasses, with enormous baboon-like arms and hook-like hands. With ease and a clockwork-like *grandezza* they lift huge bales and cases out of the belly of a squat steamer alongside. A remarkable mixture of the mechanical and the demoniacal is "The Dredger-Chain." Stretched in rigid tension in mid-air the joints of the chain resolve themselves into the interlocked arms and legs of naked slave-creatures; their distended planished abdomens become the buckets. There is a strange Japanese air of demonry about this drawing, an optical bewitchment.

"The Centrifugal Turbine" perches upon its vertical axle, like an Indian god—the fans are the multiple outstretched hands of the figure, whirling feverishly as upon a throne or altar. Here the Machine refused to be coerced by the artist and the result is

¹Munich, Vienna, Zurich: Dreiländer Verlag.

abortive. The ignition or "Explosive Motor" must be regarded as the dynamic heart of the modern machine, the arcanum of compressed power. Muck depicts a five-cylindere engine as a row of rigid figures, low-browed, bullet-necked brutes, their torsos kneaded into a mass of distended muscles and sinews, with smooth, tube-like abdomens, and legs starkly fixed—all of them shaken by the pother and turmoil within, and tense to the point of eruption. This drawing rushes and quivers with suppressed energies; we seem to hear the panting of the tormented demons of speed.

A pig-like monster with a bloated, globular body leans forward upon iron-toggled knees, hideous, bestial, infernal. From the rounded mouth of this steel sac, as from some neo-Gothic gargoyle, vomits a smooth torrent of incandescent metal whose reflexes play upon its blunt snout and basilisk eyes. It is the Bessemer retort.

The last plate of the cycle is a sombre votive offering at the black altars of the Age of Steel. A smoke-blasted firmament is projected over us like an iron casque or prison-vault. In the foreground upon a flat plinth, a Cyclopean monster, half mammoth, half oven, on formidable, pillar-like legs, uprears against the murk. From its small, evil top, or open throat, it belches up whorl after whorl of smoke, thick as lava or the coils of pythons, writhing in the glare from the inferno in its bowels. Behind this brute in ominous array stand its fellows, snorting and glowing with a portentous life. Blast furnaces!

Here, uplifted out of the welter of gesticulating, twisting, turning, dipping, spewing, lifting, dancing and performing automata, like a cathedral over cottages, we stand face to face with the begetter of them all, the Moloch of the materialistic and mechanistic age. Over this tremendous vision of gloom and force and fire, there hovers, like the glow of the blast-furnace itself, a tragic intimation of the doom to come. We see grimly foreshadowed a world armoured in steel, of nations rigid and bristling with gleaming armaments, of seas enslaved by hulks and sharks of iron, of airs obscured with mechanical condors, of a race of troglodytes weighed down with the chains of an ever-growing industrialism.

It is this sinister element which abides even in the productive or creative machine which unmasks itself in this final plate of Otto Muck's, and flares like a red flag of warning. The Machine is more and more; man less and less. The latest menace to descend upon us is the high-speed currency-note press, raving without pause day and night in the national printing-vault of every capital. This cruel Machine mocks at and annihilates the very wealth its brothers had helped to produce. The economics of the world are choked in snowstorms of paper, like mourners at a Chinese funeral. After the red Saturnalia of blood and bullets, comes this *Carneval* with its cheerless showers of confetti, this mock-money that turns to dust and ashes in our grasp. The tragic circle of human folly and insanity joins up and ends the war as it began it—with a "scrap of paper." Is it the autumn of our civilization, as Oswald Spengler declares in his dark but fascinating work, "The Downfall of the Occident?" Are these oblongs of soiled paper the first driven leaves of this Fall or our Downfall?

In his growing sterility of soul, his worship of foul and false gods, his suicidal manias and his atavistic wars, the human being is left almost helpless to the menace of the Machine. For the Thing has learned

to reproduce not only itself, but other Machines. The Machine, once the creation of man's hand, will increase and multiply by the magic and magnetic life that seems inherent in it. Unless the civilization to come effects the reconquest and the re-enslavement of the Machine, a world of helots will sink into deeper and ever deeper bondage unto the very devices which it had invented to make it free.

HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

MISCELLANY.

A FRIEND who has lately returned to this country after several years' residence in England writes me thus:

One of my English summers I spent living with a tree. It was the summer just before the war and the tree stood hard by the village church at Warblington. The church is some of it six hundred years old, and some of it, in the rounded Saxon arches of the central tower, reaches back for a thousand years, with a scattered few red bricks of Roman baking glowing through the grey. But older than the church is the yew tree on the south side of the chancel. Indeed it is likely that the church came there in adoration of the tree, for such a tree would draw the early piety of the Saxon villagers, who perchance raised stones and shaped a worship to tell their reverence for so living a growth. To-day it is a staunch yew of a thousand years, with twenty-six feet of girth. It stands unpropped, with no feebleness of drooping outworn member. The butt has formed and re-formed in tangled mass to the height of a man's head, as if the roots had leaped from their hidden life under the earth and sought to climb toward the light. Beaten back in each age they have thickened their coil about the parent stem in fierce possession, determined at least to hold what was already gained, if fresh height and flourish were to be denied. The teeth of storm have fastened in that clustered fibre, and their angry indentations worn smooth afterwards by the play of softer winds and gentler rains. Up from the gathered strength at the base the trunk lifts itself unwearied and straight. There is a patience in the ancient thing, as if it were some grim old warrior, resting in the sun after long toil—the face gnarled with strife and sternness. In its presence all other matters are levelled to their due proportion: the brief lives of men, spanning, for all their boasting, only the ripening of a few shoots from the yew tree's central shaft; and the work of human builders whose craftsmanship can avail for only a brief term against time's crumbling. For, after all, man's restoration is done each age from a fresh, unrelated impulse, the old secret being lost. At best he can but patch antiquity. But through the sap of the tree each year's new energy has unfolded itself within the one enduring growth, a seamless garment from a silent loom.

My correspondent adds poignantly:

The beauty of Old England still lingers in some of the villages and in a few of the by-streets of the great cities. But the beamed houses are crumbling, and some of the old churches are to be razed. Woodland life is dying; many species of birds are now seldom to be seen. The wild ponies of the New Forest are often wounded and left to die by speeding motor-cars. The tanks of civilization are bearing down on any fugitive remnant of loveliness. In making all things new, will the present generation leave anything at all of its inheritance?

THE cry of the day is for vocational schools and vocational training. Train a boy specifically for the thing at which he is going to make his living. Have him decide early the kind of thing he wants to do, and then concentrate all his studies to that end. Do not have him waste time on English or history, such as the college degree requires, if he intends to practice medicine, be a banker, politician, or professor of mathematics. Of all things do not have him bother with the Classics unless they apply directly to his work, for Greek and Latin are ultra-cultural and associated only with high scholarship. In short, have him go to a vocational school. It all sounds reasonable enough in these turbulent days when everyone not of the privileged class is plunged mercilessly into the mad whirlpool of the H. C. L. rapids, there to struggle as best he can. It is natural enough that the direction

folks ask to be shown nowadays is the shortest route to the most remunerative position or profession. And those who have reached their destination are for eliminating the by-paths which they feel have deterred them in their journey. Vocational schools, they say, teach you your trade in the best and quickest possible way; why bother about the flourishes? You are interested in a particular line of work; go where that is taught exclusively. It should be evident that such a procedure will "get you further" than scattered efforts.

BUT occasionally something happens to make us wonder if what a student gets out of college is due to the *kind* of work he has chosen so much as to the *quality* of work he has done; and whether the by-paths and flourishes were not a help after all. For instance, there was recently held in Chicago a two-day meeting of the Alumni Council of Amherst College. Although Amherst is a thousand miles from Chicago, there were 250 alumni present—men from sixteen different states all the way from Massachusetts to Arizona. The professions represented and the grade of men representing them seem to me to furnish Exhibit "A" for the colleges. The presiding officer was the Dean of Columbia University, a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company was among the speakers; and messages were read from leading bankers, journalists, educators, lawyers, State governors, and Cabinet officers. It was a brilliant showing for any institution, and especially for a small New England college reunioning a thousand miles away from Alma Mater. These men received their training from a classical college which is still a classical college. It was *quality* of work, then, rather than *kind* of work which was their educational stepping-stone to the business and professional peerage of the world. Such an array certainly does not argue against colleges even if it does not argue against vocational schools. But it leads one to ask in the way of a challenge whether any strictly vocational school can boast so many types of distinction among its graduates as can the little old New England college.

No one begrudges boys a lark; and the volunteer strike-breakers from our colleges no doubt had a great lark. It has been good fun for them to fire locomotives and run elevators for a day or two, and it is not in the nature of youth, thank fortune, to give much heed to the economics or social justice of whatever good fun it may see in prospect. But youth is also chivalrous and by instinct just; and one wonders whether the students would have been quite so keen about this service if the authorities of the colleges had laid before them impartially the merits of the case. Perhaps the authorities really did this; but the traditional stand of American colleges on any question affecting the interests of labour makes it rather doubtful. The governing bodies of these institutions are probably as fair to labour as they know how to be, and probably think they are quite fair; but their position continually presses them towards unfairness, and it would do no harm if once in a while they deliberately leaned a little the other way, just to make sure.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

TREES.

When in men's faces greed and hate
Pronounce His dead divinity,
Still shall we find, if awhile we wait
By a living tree
In any wooded place,
The quiet of His faithful face—
Where still, for men to share,
He lays His head
In the trees' arms again and, comforted,
Receives the quiet answer to His prayer.

WITTER BYNNER.

THE THEATRE.

RUSSIAN DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

THE two chief Russian dramatists of recent times are unquestionably Gorky and Andreyev. It is odd that a play by each of them should have been running in New York at the same moment, for it is seldom enough that any Russian drama is presented. To those who know a little (and only a little) about the subject, Russian plays are all pretty much alike—plotless and gloomy affairs of interminable talk and inconclusive action. Yet to have witnessed Gorky's "Night Lodging" at the Plymouth and Andreyev's "The Beautiful Sabine Women" at the Neighbourhood Playhouse is to have seen two things as different as two good plays could conceivably be.

Gorky represents the extreme of realism. Not of naturalism; for the naturalist puts his own interpretation upon the picture of life which he presents just as much as the romanticist does. Zola, still its chief exemplar, said that naturalism is a corner of life seen through a temperament—a definition which applies without the slightest modification to romanticism, the only difference being in the sort of temperament through which the corner of life is seen. But genuine realism aspires to be wholly impersonal and apart. As one looks in at the dark cellar which serves as a night lodging for these "creatures which once were men," one begins to realize that he has stumbled in among some of the facts of life: hard, cruel, bitter facts, if you will, but facts none the less. He is not being shown these people in their sordid surroundings; he is merely admitted among them as a silent, invisible spectator of their actual existence—their loves and hates, their work and play, their flickering aspirations, their futile sufferings. They feel no alien presence among them; they go on living as they did yesterday, as they will to-morrow. Here a man is working at his trade; there a woman lies dying; now a group of men are playing cards about a table; now a Tartar with a bandaged arm is praying—perpetually and obliviously praying after his own fashion. They come and go. There is a quarrel in the street above. A woman schemes to have her lover kill her husband, but her lover is tired of her and tells her so. One boasts of the time when he lived in luxury—a baron with servants about him: they gibe at him. One whines that his whole "organism" is poisoned with alcohol—an actor who had performed great rôles: they gibe at him. A stranger wanders in, bringing a new thing with him—a kindness born of long experience, a willingness to serve, a gentle and pervasive sympathy. They are puzzled; but they listen; they respect what is genuine; they are stirred with the thought of something that is far away somewhere and better than all this. Then the stranger wanders on; the dull accustomed routine in the same dark cellar is all that is left. It is worse than ever now. The actor, who would go "somewhere" and be cured, drinks again and hangs himself. And the comment of the roisterers brings down the final curtain: "The fool—he has spoiled our song."

What is the meaning of it all? Or has life any meaning? They do not know. They ask—like us; they ask, and from time to time they get glimpses—strange, profound, baffling half-realizations of what it is all about. That is the most remarkable thing in Gorky's drama. The Russian, even the Russian peasant, is contemplative. However warped by his petty bickerings with those about him, however dulled by

the pressure of a cramping environment, it is in his nature to perceive things and to turn them over and over in his mind until, quite naturally and spontaneously, a genuine comment upon the deepest things of life comes from his lips. These fragments of an almost mystic perception are never the author's—are never put by Gorky into the mouths of his characters. They lie deeply buried within the essential nature of the man who speaks, and have the effect of coming from the mind of one who has often come near to the point of this utterance but has never quite spoken it before.

This, then, seems at first merely the raw material from which a drama might be made, out of which a serious and great play might be evolved. As one brings one's own artistic sense and constructive thought to bear upon this inchoate mass of dramatic matter one begins instinctively to frame all manner of possible dramas out of it. Suppose a high-souled passer-by to come in among a group of sordid people. What will be his effect upon each one of them? Here is a genuinely dramatic theme for our spectator to work out; and if he is a glib enough optimist and a bad enough dramatist, he will write you a "Passing of the Third Floor Back." The story is all here in Gorky's play. Or let him take the case of Vassilisa: her lover, Vaska, a professional thief, is weary of her and prefers her sister, Natasha; how will she get her lover to kill her husband and thus bring him again into her power? Again there is drama here; and we think of the motives and the possible conduct of these people. And as we look again, Luka, the old wanderer, is urging the young man to abandon his dangerous calling—to go far away with Natasha and begin life anew. Again the spectator is seeing a real drama; but he is seeing it with his mind's eye—for the story is broken up into its various elements again, and the nameless actor is now working out the inevitable *dénouement* of his twisted life.

This creation of drama within the minds of the audience instead of on the stage itself is, I take it, what Gorky tried to do. It is a very different thing from presenting a series of the facts of life at haphazard, which we would look at as we look at life itself. If anyone doubts it, let him try. There is as much artistic selection and arrangement in Gorky's play as there is in a play by Pinero; only the arrangement accords with what has been called "the rhythm of life" instead of with a preconceived dramatic scheme.

The "Night Lodging" is by far the best of Gorky's plays. It has been often acted on the Continent, where it has attained what might almost be called popularity. It has been twice published in this country (under different titles). It has become, securely enough, a classic. Gorky himself, after his youth of most harrowing poverty, his sudden rise to fame and fortune, his appeal to this country on behalf of the Russian Revolution, his long residence in Italy, his final alignment with the Soviet Government, is now the official censor, the dramatic dictator of Russia. No play may be produced there without his sanction. He has always been a conspicuous personality; however detached his genius, one can never think of the writer without remembering the man. Of Andreyev, on the other hand, we have heard very little, in spite of the tremendous success of his stories and dramas. We know that his youth was almost as forlorn as Gorky's; that, like Gorky, he attempted suicide—indeed, three times he attempted it. One would

think that with so much practice—! But Gorky recognized the genius of his younger contemporary—a genius so different from Gorky's own—and thus the chief exponent of symbolism in contemporary Russian drama was enabled to attain a popularity which even surpassed his realistic sponsor's. For Andreyev is the successor of Chekhov in drama, as Gorky is of Tolstoy. His earlier plays, "To the Stars," "The Life of Man," "The Black Maskers," "Anathema," were increasingly symbolic, pessimistic, and obscure, marked always by an attempted interpretation of the meaning of life rather than a presentation of the facts.

It was with his Socialistic allegory "King Hunger" that he attained his greatest popularity in Russia, while his highly imaginative dramatization of Maeterlinck in "The Sorrows of Belgium" has perhaps given him his widest notice here. In all of these, and in all his other plays except one, Andreyev has propounded his views on the tragedy of existence in profoundly gloomy though colourful symbolism.

The exception is "The Beautiful Sabine Women," a Shavian bit of exuberance, as whimsical and light-hearted a laugh-provoker as any Broadway farce. At least on the surface it is so; for every excellent satire may be read, as "Gulliver's Travels" may be read, without disturbing the enjoyment of good children. It matters very little that the satire was "aimed" at the Social Democratic party in Russia, for the man who cried out so violently against war in "The Red Laugh" is here making the pacifist and befuddled non-resistance advocate the world over contemptible and ridiculous. But with such good nature and patent absurdity is all this done that no one, no matter what his "politics," could be offended.

It was genius—nothing short of it—that hit upon the rape of the Sabines to illustrate the utter impossibility of substituting legal and moral suasion for a strong right arm. Suppose those early Sabine husbands had not been killed by the marauding Romans (as, of course, they were). Imagine them for eighteen months compiling all the legal data to prove that they were quite in the right of it and that the Romans had no legal justification whatever for stealing their wives. Behold them in staggering array—staggering each one under a ponderous volume of law—issuing forth in a determined but always reconsidering advance—"two steps forward, one step backward"—to meet and prove to the naughty Roman warriors that they really had no right to the Sabine husbands' wives! This is the theme—a rather frivolous whim out of which to make three full acts.

The first act is the most successful, for not only is the idea still fresh and joyous but the situation itself offers the most amusing possibilities. The Romans arrive from their successful quest with their struggling, screaming, scratching, and sometimes tickling brides-to-be. There are the preposterous parleys between the men and the women, and the featuring of individual absurdities and of some of those always believed impossibilities which distinguish women as a sex. There is the sad plight of the handsome Roman youth who finds that under cover of the darkness he stole a clinging scarecrow. But there is no logic in discriminating where all is whim. The situation is evidently one which has long been waiting for the destined satirist; and that Andreyev (of all playwrights!) should be the one to grasp the opportunity is as unbelievable as true.

HENRY DAVID GRAY.

BOOKS.

A SCOTS ZARATHUSTRA.

It was a Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle, who, none too closely but more closely than any other writer in our language, anticipated the philosophy of Nietzsche. It is the enterprise of a Scots publisher, if I am not mistaken, that we have to thank for the translation of Nietzsche's complete works. And now, for the third time, it is to a Scotsman that we must look for the first embodiment in a man of our tongue of the Nietzschean temper and point of view. Mr. Edwin Muir, whose "enigmas and guesses" are collected in "We Moderns," the fourth of Mr. Mencken's Free Lance Books, is very much his own man; his aphorisms hang together, in proof of his sincerity, like bricks so truly set that they need no mortar; his dry style, his nimble wit, his drastic mind call up in our imagination quite a picture of this young philosopher from the Orkney Islands (he was born in 1887), this farmer's son who spent his youth as a Glasgow clerk and gravitated inevitably to the circle of the *New Age*. Mr. Muir is his own man: he is none the less a vehicle of the purest Nietzscheanism—his doctrines, his mannerisms, his irony proclaim it.

Mr. Muir is a psychologist who thinks in flashes. But he is not, like Joubert, Amiel, La Rochefoucauld, merely a fascinated observer of mankind. He is a missionary, who believes that human nature is plastic and who is bent upon altering it and giving it a new direction. Unlike some missionaries, however, he delights in the disinterested spirit when he finds it in others. The non-missionary, he says, is as necessary as the missionary, and to none more than to the missionary; but for the psychologists who are burdened with no social theory, many a domain of human nature would never have been discovered. The missionary who is too much of a missionary overreaches himself: as Mr. Muir puts it:

To be in doing, to do in being—that is the task of the future man. The danger of our being mere man is that mankind may remain forever stationary, without a goal. The danger of our being mere purpose is that our humanity may altogether drop out and nothing but the purpose be left. And would not that defeat the purpose?

We may perhaps then conceive of Mr. Muir as taking a momentary vacation from his purpose in observations like the following:

The greatest fault of modern style is that it is a smirking style. It fawns upon the reader, it insinuates, it has the manner of an amiable dog. If it does something smart, it stops immediately, wags its tail, and waits confidently for your approval. You will guess now why those little regiments of dots are scattered so liberally over the pages of the best-known English novelist. It is H. G. Wells's style wagging its tail.

But even here Mr. Muir's propaganda is implicit. He hates complacency, we observe; and we infer that he dislikes mere amiability in other matters than style. He speaks of the great things as Joy, Beauty, Courage, Creation: it is on behalf of these, on behalf of "life as a sacrament" and the tragic view of life as "joy triumphing over fate," that he does battle, swinging with hard, sinewy arms the swift, silent sword of his impassioned logic. He wants the world to regain the clean, fresh, hardy, innocent spirit of the Greeks, a morality that springs from the harmony of the instincts. He wants to see realized in men the freedom of which Ibsen spoke, that freedom which consists in the will to be responsible for oneself. And the touchstone of all his criticism, literary, sociological and philosophical, is Nietzsche's touchstone, the "elevation of the type Man."

It goes without saying, then, that "we moderns," to whom the book is addressed, come in for little in the way of flattery. Mr. Muir uses the word modernity as a criterion: measured by it, however, he finds modern life comprehensively unworthy. It has not accepted the lessons

of Goethe, Nietzsche, Ibsen, it has not understood them, it has not even attempted to disprove them; it has merely with an incomparable shallowness and frivolity, let them go by the board:

Our problem is still that of clearing a domain of freedom around us, of enlarging our field of choice, and so making destiny itself more spacious; and then, having delivered ourselves from prejudice and superstition—and how many other things!—of setting an aim before us for the unflinching pursuit of which we make ourselves responsible. Greater freedom, and therefore greater responsibility, above all greater aims, an enlargement of life, not a whittling of it down to Christian standards—that is our problem still!

Freedom—how does he expand Ibsen's definition?—

The athlete, by the discipline of his body, creates for himself a new world of actions; he can now do things which before were prohibited to him; in consequence, he has enlarged the sphere of his freedom. The thinker and the artist by discipline of a different kind are rewarded in the same way. They are now more free, because they have now more capacity. There are people, however, who think one can be free whether one has the capacity for freedom or not—a characteristically modern fallacy. But a man the muscles of whose body and mind are weak can not do *anything*; how can he be free? The concept of Freedom can not be separated from that of Power.

Here we have at once Mr. Muir's ideal and the basis of his attack on contemporary life. We have a right to demand of any period, he says, that it should be a period either of preparation or of fruition. Our age is not one of fruition: it is bound, therefore, to live in, by, and for the future. Art is the great liberator and the great elevator: art is the "great stimulus to Life." And how is contemporary art serving this end? Before we glance at Mr. Muir's view of contemporary art, let us see what he thinks art ought to do:

Let no man say that it is impossible at this stage in man's history to resuscitate myth. The past has certainly lost its mystery for us, and it was in the past, at the source of Humanity, that the old poets set their sublime fictions. But the future is still ours, and there, at Man's goal, our myths must be planted. And thither, indeed, has set the great literature of the last hundred years. Faust, Mephistopheles, Brand, Peer Gynt, Zarathustra—there were no greater figures in the literature of the last century—were all myths, and all forecasts of the future. The soil out of which literature grows, then, has not yet been exhausted.

In the early world myth was used to dignify Man by idealizing his origin. Henceforward it must be used to dignify him by idealizing his goal. That is the task of the poets and artists.

This dynamic, militant conception of art determines his attitude toward the realism and the aestheticism of the present day. Of aestheticism, hedonism, he gives us his view no more clearly in his admirable page on Wilde (whose "body—senses, passions and appetite—actually became the intellectual principle in him, of which his mind was merely a drugged and stupefied slave") than in his aphorism:

In order to despise enjoyment, one need only be supremely happy or supremely wretched.

His case against the decadence of Wilde, Pater and their followers is that in their reaction against industrialism and modern Christianity (with its "timidity, conformity, mediocrity, judicious blindness, unwillingness to offend") they assumed the permanency of that against which they reacted: Pater escaped from industrialism without fighting it and thus made its persistence only a little more secure. As for realism, what is it, he asks, but the most devitalizing agency of a poverty-stricken age?—

To rouse our anxiety lest Herbert lose five pounds, or Mabel find it impossible to get a new dress, this is art, this is modern art! But to feel *anxiety* about such things is ignoble: and to live in a sordid atmosphere, even if it be of a book, is the part of a slave. And yet we cannot but admire. For in this novel what subtlety in the treatment there must be overlying the fundamental vulgarity of the theme! How is art, which should make man free, here transformed into a potent means for enslaving him! It is impossible to yield oneself to the sway of a modern realist without a loss in one's self-respect.

And again:

In an age in which the power of creation is weak, men will choose the easiest forms: those in which sustained elevation is not demanded and creation itself is eked out in various ways. . . . If we deduct from the modern "literary artist," the diarist, the sociologist, the reporter, and the collector of documents, there is not much left. For creation there is very little room in his works; perhaps it is as well!

One infers from this that Mr. Muir has a vigorous conception not only of the function but of the character of the artist. His view of the vocation recalls an immortal utterance, perhaps the only immortal utterance, of Bernard Shaw:

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one: the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

Less compelling but to the same purpose is Mr. Muir's

To summon out of the void a task, and then incontinently to make of himself its slave—that is the happiness of many a man.

This slavery, this servitude especially of the artist, is prouder than the hedonist's freedom:

The pride of some gifted men is not pride in their persons, but in something within them, of which they regard themselves as the guardians and servants. If there is dignity in their demeanour it is a reflected, impersonal dignity. Just so a peasant might feel ennobled who guarded a king in danger and exile.

And finally, of the proper character of the artist:

Of the artistic temperament, the great artists had very often little or nothing. . . . The great examples of last century, the Goethes, Ibsens and Nietzsches, knew that there were qualities more essential to them than temperament: discipline, for instance, perseverance, truth to themselves, self-control. How is it possible, indeed, without these virtues—virtues of the most difficult and heroic kind—for the artist to bring his gifts to maturity, to become great?

But one might go on forever quoting and classifying these aphorisms and setting them in the dull metal of casual comment. They are utterly without the meretricious glitter of the common epigram; they are luminous with the sober light of truth. Really to understand Mr. Muir one must begin at the end of his book and read backward. It is in the sections called Creative Love and The Tragic View that one apprehends the heart of his mystical doctrine of an eternal Becoming which has no goal in Being, his view of life as a process from illusion through disillusion (and bondage to necessity) to the freedom that is able to transfigure pain, struggle, change and "see necessity as beauty." Only with these conceptions in mind—and the view of love as "the will to create something, out of oneself, not oneself, whether it be in bodies, or in art or philosophy"—are we able so to focus our minds as to perceive the logic that underlies the whole book. Like Pascal's "Pensées" it is, in its smaller scale, an unconstructed cathedral of thought: it demands a certain architectural intuition of the reader. One thing is certain: no utterances more tonic, more bracing have rent the sultry firmament of contemporary literature. At a moment when mass fatalism was never more general, when determinism has become not only a conviction but a creed, when "freedom" is demanded by all and universally misunderstood, such a book is a capital event. It is meat for the strong and music for the lover of life.

PLAYS OF THE ARGENTINE.

THERE is a decided crescendo in the interest of this volume.¹ The first play, "Juan Moreira," occupies seventeen pages: it consists of six scenes and comprises one flogging, three swoonings, four mortal combats and five murders. In short, a pure example of the old *gaucho* melodrama of the pampas. The second, while sufficiently crude and violent, has elements of great beauty. In the setting of a distant ranch, early in the nineteenth century, it evokes the great legendary figure of the *payador*

or *gaucho* minstrel Santos Vega, who gives the play its title, and who appears in a series of typical scenes, "singer and lover, gallant and swaggerer" (as the prologue says), "a song on his lips, his sorrel between his knees, his guitar on his back, and his dirk at his belt," dying at last of a broken heart, beaten in a contest of song with Satan. The third, "The Witches' Mountain," is a really magnificent piece, both in conception and construction. This tragedy in three acts by Julio Sanchez Gardel—the scene a lonely ranch in the Andes, the characters the family of Don Tadeo the patron and his dependents, the drama consisting mainly of the contest of the two brothers for the girl Inda—was first performed at Buenos Ayres in 1912. It is a play one would like to see on our own stage.

From Mr. Bierstadt's long, informative introduction one learns that these three plays span virtually the whole development of the native drama of the Argentine. That development extended over only about thirty years and was arrested shortly before the war when the tawdrily sophisticated farcical comedy invaded the theatres of Buenos Ayres. An exotic literary drama had, of course, existed in the Argentine since the time of the revolution. The drama that flowered in plays like "The Witches' Mountain," however, the so-called *drama criollo* or *gaucho* play, a drama strictly "of the people," did not manifest itself until about 1880. It was an outgrowth of the travelling circus, written about the national figure of the *gaucho*, a type compounded of the cowboy, the pioneer, the outlaw and the minstrel; it sprang up as an afterpiece in the evening's performance. The vogue of these plays seems to have been about contemporaneous with the vogue, in this country, of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" and the cowboy movies that succeeded it. An interesting subject for a study in comparative sociology between the two Americas.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

In the April number of the *Liberator*, Max Eastman, discussing the Clarté movement of which M. Henri Barbusse is the principal spokesman, opens a question of the greatest importance. "To the conflict of material forces," says M. Barbusse, "has succeeded the conflict of ideas. . . . Since human affairs are not validly regulated except by human intelligence, it belongs to the intellectuals above all to intervene in preparing the rule of the mind. . . . A veritable accord between free spirits exists already in the world. In order to be effective, this accord ought to formulate itself." And he summons the intellectuals of the world to unite, "forming a living *entente* around a living ideal."

MR. EASTMAN protests. He believes that this programme is at once presumptuous and impracticable. It is not true, he says, that a conflict of ideas has succeeded to the conflict of material forces: what is really true is that a conflict of class interests has succeeded to a conflict of national interests. And the task at hand is the overthrow of a master class by the workers of the world. This being so, Mr. Eastman has no confidence in the intellectuals, whose "natural economic position" leads them, as the Russian revolution shows, to "function up to the critical moment as obscurers of the issue, and when the critical moment comes . . . as apostles of compromise and apologists of the masters." How pathetic, then, he exclaims, is the "vainglory of their raising a banner of leadership!" As for the Clarté group itself, it already includes bourgeois liberals along with proletarian revolutionaries, and thus proclaims its impotence. Let it follow one of two courses: let it proclaim its unqualified allegiance to the cause of the exploited and purge itself of the "distinguished and affluent writers of books and painters of pictures" who compromise it now, or else, surrendering its ostensible purpose, let it simply form the nucleus of an organization of artistic trades, dis-

¹ "Three Plays of the Argentine." Translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. Introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. New York: Duffield and Company.

carding its pretence of leadership and accepting a subordinate place in the labour movement. Until it does one or the other, Mr. Eastman finds himself unable to subscribe to its programme.

It seems to me that these arguments fail to meet. They fail to meet because they are on different planes. It is true, as Mr. Eastman says, that a conflict of class interests has succeeded to the conflict of national interests. It is also true, as M. Barbusse says, that to the conflict of material forces has succeeded the conflict of ideas. What Mr. Eastman really denies is that two such planes exist. The real fault of the Clarté movement, he says, is that

it still moves in a world of ideologies. It seems to be entirely ignorant of those deeper-lying and more prevailing motives, those currents of material interest, which Marx so long ago declared and which recent events have so abundantly proved; to be the real motor forces in social evolution.

DISBELIEVING as he does in the dynamic effect of any but "currents of material interest," it is natural that Mr. Eastman should be sceptical of the possibilities of intellectual leadership. If he believed in these possibilities he would have no difficulty in accepting M. Barbusse's programme; he would see that in aiming at a clarification of social ideals, an intensification of purpose in the creative minds of the world, that programme is of the greatest significance, and that beside this primary aim, granted that the subscribers to the movement belong, as they do belong, on the anti-capitalistic, anti-imperialistic, anti-militaristic side of the fence, the question of their precise agreement on the aims and the methods of the revolution is, for the moment, a secondary one. But Mr. Eastman not only regards the intellectuals as a very slippery crew, given to "misleading and obscure idealistic emotions"; they are that at worst, he suggests; at best they are powerless. "It is not intellectuality, reason, 'the power of thought,'" he says, "that will fight and win the battle for liberty and international peace. It is the self-protective will of the exploited classes that will do it." Let the poet, the novelist, the thinker, in short, Mr. Eastman seems to imply, accept a destiny that has made him—in reality—the idle singer of an empty day.

THE London *Nation* of 20 March, in an article on Balzac by Miss M. P. Willcocks, suggests a reply, irrelevant only at first sight, to this general argument of Mr. Eastman's. Miss Willcocks discusses, apropos of Balzac, the "strange interaction between man's acts and man's dreams" and the extent to which the life of trading, fighting and begetting has been, in the forms in which we have known it, the outcome of ideals that have gathered round the stories of great "saviours" and of lesser "characters," real and imaginary. Specifically, speaking of Balzac, she says that he "founded a whole over-world of imaginative figures that, acted upon by 'real' life as they were, yet reacted in their turn upon reality itself, and so became directly productive on the plane where men buy and sell, draw up contracts, or engage in trade warfare. The characters found in the pages of novels, or on the boards of the theatre, became the moulds into which action itself was ultimately poured."

HERE, briefly indicated, we have at once the antipode of the Marxian view of history, to which Mr. Eastman subscribes, and the fundamental argument upon which are based the claims of all such movements as M. Barbusse's. It establishes, on psychological grounds that ought now to be beyond dispute, such random intuitions, for example, as Oscar Wilde's in "The Decay of Lying"—that life holds the mirror up to art. "Scientifically speaking," said Wilde, "the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died

died. Think of what we owe to the imitation of Christ, of what we owe to the imitation of Cæsar." I don't see how Mr. Eastman can question this. Grant a single concrete instance of a social change resulting from personal influence, admit, for example, that as a result of Rousseau's agitation the aristocratic mothers of France began to suckle their own children, and there is no limit to the possible power of the individual, his ideas, his visions, his example, in which you are obliged to believe. Those who pass so far beyond this particular instance as to say that Rousseau had a determining effect on the French Revolution can not, in fact, be easily refuted. It was with this conception in mind that Shelley proudly asserted that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Whether or not they have been so is perhaps open to debate. But one can hardly deny that they might be, one can hardly doubt even that they can be.

HERE is the other "plane" that Mr. Eastman refuses to acknowledge, that second plane of "real motor forces in social evolution" which parallels the "currents of material interest." Call it, in Gallic phraseology, "intellectuality, reason, 'the power of thought,'" call it the creative spirit, the poetic spirit, the religious spirit or what you will, its authority, its ascendancy are unquestionable and incalculable. So great is the power of individual impulse, of the individual imagination, that, believe as we may in the determining influence, for example, of hay in history, we can not, on the other hand, deny Pascal's observation that history would have been altogether different if Cleopatra's nose had been longer. The only thing we can say is that hitherto the power of the imagination has worked almost as much for evil as for good. For five years the world has been so drugged and confused by conflicting propaganda that we are almost incapable of coherent action. Is any "material interest" of ours at the bottom of it, that we have allowed ourselves to be led about by the nose? The experience of these years, far from proving Mr. Eastman's thesis, seems to me to prove the infinite plasticity, the infinite suggestibility of human nature. Someone, some individual, some group of individuals will always do the "legislating"; our best hope is that ultimately the poets may.

AND that is the utility of ideas like M. Barbusse's. The Clarté group may, it is true, include at present a certain proportion of spirits that are imperfectly assimilated to the proletarian movement. One thing is certain, however: if, actuated as they are like the rest of us by fear, their "natural economic position" leads them to apologize for the masters, their instincts, just as sure as they are artists, lead them toward the proletarian movement, because the proletarian movement is the movement of creation and of freedom. Let them come together to "prepare the rule of the mind." They will end by liberating, by educating, by discovering themselves. And who knows what might happen after that?

I RECOMMEND the following new books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Order," a novel by Claude C. Washburn. New York: Duffield and Co.

"A Guide to Russian Literature," by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

"A Book of Marionettes," by Helen Haiman Joseph. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"A Modern Book of Criticism," edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. The Modern Library. New York: Boni and Liveright.

"Letters from China and Japan," by John Dewey and Alice C. Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

"A Short History of the American Labor Movement," by Mary Ritter Beard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

"Primitive Study," by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni and Liveright.

"Beyond the Horizon," a play in three acts by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright.

"The Rising Tide of Color," by Theodore Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Scribners.

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